# DUBLIN AND LONDON MAGAZINE.

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THE FATHER OF THE FORTESCUES. IN TWO CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.

- Years have gone, since, through the church of Clone, In melancholy mood I walked alone; Years have past on since last I trod the spot, Yet not one thought then cherished is forgot-Not one impression that endeared the scene, But lives as fresh as what to-day hath been. In that mild hour, upon the ruined pile Softly the beams of evening dropped, the while In that calm moment, on the crumbling wall, One parting gleam of sunshine chanced to fall; While every mossy tuft or time-worn stone, Touched and refreshed, with yellow lustre shone; And every broken crag that met the sight Grew beautiful beneath that lovely light. Still did this sickly brilliancy but dress With a false charm the look of loveliness; Still did that lingering light but tend to throw A mournful splendour on the face of woe. That sunbeam seemed, as o'er the wall it ran, Like Beauty dallying with an aged man: On one small spot, that ray did yet remain, And brightened it, but brightened it in vain: O'er one worn point it poured a transient grace; 'Twas lost—for ruin rested on the place.

gone away since I visited the place which I have endeavoured to describe in the lines above quoted; but years cannot alter the impression made upon me by that visit. The church of Clone was, and I believe is still, a beautiful ruin; there is a mixture of freshness and of age in the ap-pearance of the walls. The churchyard, though latterly neglected, is pretty: there is about it a rural neatness, an air of comfort, that might almost induce a stranger to stop and die near it, that his remains might rest there. The headstones are thinly scattered through the place; and the openings between them are occupied by a number of beautiful shrubs, that seem to have been placed there by a sort of melancholy foresight. Some of them, no Vol. I .- No. 8.

YEARS, indeed, have fixed there by the trembling fingers of those who intended, in the progress of the after-years, to repose beneath their congenial shelter.

It was in the delightful season of autumn that I paid my last visit to that interesting neighbourhood: the old church was not far from the place of my residence, and after dusk I generally took a stroll in that direction. I have sat there for hours upon some grassy grave, thinking to myself of the hopes and the fears, of the wishes and the disappointments, of those who then rested in loneliness around me. I have lingered there in the gentle light of the young harvest moon, tracing upon the weather-beaten flags the half-worn inscriptions, and smiling at the weakness of those who could think that, by such means, a trifling doubt, were planted merely to orna- name might be rescued from obment the spot where a beloved bro-scurity. I may have spent many ther, or son, or friend, was laid; but idle hours there; but, in that spot, I many more of them were probably never passed a guilty one. These visits have furnished me with matter for after-reflection; and any thing which urges a rational being to think These cannot be entirely useless. visits have made me acquainted with one, from whose society I have derived pleasure and improvementwith one whose life has been long, and full of troubles-one whose story of suffering might savour of romance, if it were not in itself more fearful and melancholy than any thing which the pages of the romance-writer have, in their wildest varieties, exhibited.

A few evenings before my departure from Clone, I had wandered, as usual, towards the churchyard; I had gone my accustomed rounds, and indulged in the wonted train of gloomy meditations. I was about to quit the place, and had already proceeded nearly half-way to the little stile which was fixed as the mode of entrance from the road, when I beheld in one of the walks at a distance some person employed, like myself, in deciphering inscriptions. I was not startled by the appearance, for I was easy as to the dead; and my closeness to the road and to home rendered me fearless of the living. I was curious, however, to learn who it was that ventured to this place of loneliness at such an hour; and this curiosity I was determined, at all hazards, to gratify. I approached the stranger, and, as I was unobserved, I had a better opportunity of viewing his figure and manner. He was a tall old man, with white hair, dressed in the garb of the country; that is, a broad felt hat, and a long brown outside coat. He supported himself upon a staff, the end of which rested at the base of a lofty head-stone. He was reading the inscription; and so deeply was he engaged in the task, that he was not aware of my being beside him. "Here lies the body of Margaret, late the wife of William Fortescue, and of her daughter Jane." God,' he continued, 'that I could only say "and of her sons!" But, no! their dust never shall be gathered here. The remains of the one may even now be thrown out among the carrion of the field; and, as for the other, he has no tomb, no resting-

place: his dust has been scattered by the winds of Heaven; his bones have been consumed; and of his strength and of his beauty there does not exist even a relic.'

He turned at the moment, and observed me; but at once recognised me as a neighbour. 'Sir. said he, 'you have dropped in on my little hour of sorrow; but, if I do not entirely mistake you, you are not one disposed to trifle with trouble, or to indulge a jest at the expense of misfortune.' I assured him, on my part, that I was not; and, as some proof of my sincerity, I for the time forbore making any remark on the nature of his visit to the dwelling of the dead, or on the lateness of the hour which he had chosen for it. I turned him from the subject by some uninteresting observations on the calmness of the night, and the stillness and solemnity of the scene around us. The old man nodded, as if approving of my remark; and, as he was about quitting the churchyard, I offered him my arm to lean on. 'Ay,' said he, accepting of the assistance which I proffered, 'it is cheering and pleasant in old age to have something to rest upon, some stay to uphold the limbs that are tottering; but I have none. I linger in utter loneliness, in the midst of a cold and heartless world: I am childless, kindredless, friendless; like a worn-out tree of the forest deprived of its branches.' He wiped off a tear as he spoke; we crossed the stile which conducted to the road, and an easy walk of about five minutes brought us to his door, where we parted for the night.

I was eager to know more of the story of this aged sufferer: I made some inquiries relative to him among my friends at home; I visited the churchyard occasionally, particularly whenever a calm moonlight night favoured the ramble, for I knew that on such nights it was most likely he would walk abroad. In this I was not mistaken; I met him evening after evening in his accustomed range; we conversed for hours together, and I gradually gained his confidence. He made me, at intervals, acquainted with the details of his melancholy history; he placed in my

possession some papers that helped to illustrate it. From these, and from the information collected in his immediate neighbourhood, I have framed the following simple narrative:—

William Fortescue, the old man already mentioned, was known at one period of his life as a merchant in the Irish metropolis; his dealings were extensive, and his general character among the men of business was high and respectable. The trade which he carried on was tolerably successful; his family, consisting of two sons and a daughter, were growing up under his eye; his age, his temperate habits, and the general state of his health, promised him a fair career; on the entire, he was not presumptuous when he looked calmly onward, anticipating, in the presence of those whom he loved, many a long delightful year of ease and social happiness. His wife, however, was a drawback on this sum of enjoyment: she was the daughter of a professional gentleman of high character. She had figured, in her youth, in a splendid sphere; and, unfortunately, she carried into the plain dwelling of the industrious trader the extravagant and expensive habits which she had thus acquired. These habits agreed but indifferently with the pursuits of a commercial man: unsettled accounts might remain in the counting-house, but all was settled for that evening's party; protested indorsements might crowd the office desk, but the drawing-room was crowded with the glittering insipidity of fashionable life. Mr. Fortescue was an unassuming sensible man; he relished not these follies; but, for the sake of tranquillity, he sacrificed his better interest to the ridiculous whims of his The consequence, however, was such as might have been foreseen: these expenses, aided by an accumulation of bad debts, and a few unsuccessful speculations, brought on a temporary embarrassment. The claims of all the creditors were fairly settled; but the proud heart of Mrs. Fortescue never recovered the blow: she sunk under the unexpected mortification of being obliged to suspend payment; she fell gradually into a deep consumption; and, within a year after the embarrassment already alluded to, her husband and her sons had to accompany all that was mortal

of her to the dreary grave.

She was interred in the burialplace of her family at Clone: her daughter Jane, a beautiful and interesting girl of fifteen, speedily followed her. The death of the latter, who was Mr. Fortescue's favourite child, led him at once to form the determination of retiring from the crowded capital, with its business and its bustle, for ever. The declining state of his health, too, served to confirm him in taking this step. The measure was soon carried into effect: with what little of property which failing debtors, greedy creditors, and over-pampered domestics, had left to him, he purchased a small annuity, and quietly withdrew to a farm, which had been rented by his father, on the banks of the river Bann, near the ancient and venerable ruins of Ferns.

' His second son, Henry, accompanied him in his retirement: he was a youth of a gentle disposition and delicate frame, but possessed of great taste and sprightliness. His education was nearly completed on his leaving Dublin, for his father had destined him for the bar; but, in his present state of loneliness and destitution, he could not suffer him from his sight. Henry, perhaps, felt deeply affected by his altered prospects; he, no doubt, disliked the dull monotony of a mere country life; but, whatever his feelings might be, he, on the present occasion, betrayed nothing like gloominess or dissatisfaction. He saw that the happiness of a beloved parent was placed in his care; and to the comfort and the gratification of this parent he resolved at once to devote all his time and all his attention.

'Edward Fortescue was a lad of a very different cast: he was rough and stubborn, and unruly. While at home he kept the family in confusion; and, when at school, he was perpetually engaged in deciding or fomenting quarrels: yet at bottom he was not void of good nature: he was most affectionately attached to his brother. This was not manifested

by looks or words: he joined the other boys with whom they associated in their different amusements; he looked upon Henry, as he did upon the rest, with an apparent indifference: but if any dispute arose, in which the former was likely to be wronged, then his real character broke out, and woe to the unfortunate wight who spoke harshly of his brother! The boy, however, was of a restless and wandering temper; he was eager to see the world, and (as he said himself) to push his fortune abroad. During the period of his father's prosperity he continued, day after day, to solicit letters of introduction to some friends of the family who resided in the south of France. In this point he at last succeeded: he departed amidst the tears and the blessings of his relatives, and landed at Bordeaux just as the memorable, but melancholy, revolution was commencing in the capital of the "Great The letter which announced his arrival there was the only one which his father had received from the period of his departure.

'The situation of Mr. Fortescue's new residence was cheering and agreeable. On the edge of a pleasantly sheltered hill, by the river-side, arose the dwelling-a plain slated cottage, surrounded by a few well-built outoffices. A large garden, stocked with a great variety of fruit-trees, spread far to the back of the concern; and the little lawn in front was skirted by some young groves, that grew down even to the water's edge. Altogether it was just such a spot as seemed likely, by its calm beauty, to sooth a wounded and wearied heart: it was just such a place as a man of feeling and of taste would have chosen. The old man seemed to enjoy the scenery; and, to Henry, this alone was enough to make all about it bright and beautiful. He beheld his father cheerful and resigned; and this, for him, was a sufficient source of gratification. For himself, however, he was by no means destitute of the means of amusement: he felt that high advantage which cultivated minds will at all times possess, whenever circumstances compel them to depend

solely on their own resources. The cast of his education, and the habits that he had formed, had qualified him not merely for enduring, but even enjoying, retirement. From his first acquaintance with the mysteries of the alphabet he was partial to books; he was an eager, although rather a desultory, reader; he had a pleasing turn for occasional composition, and a tolerable car for music.

'In the long evenings of autumn, while his father enjoyed an easy slumber, he was accustomed to stroll out through the fields that bordered upon the river, with his flute in one hand, and a volume of some favourite bard in the other, regaling himself alternately with the rival fascinations of music and of poetry. In one of these evening excursions he had walked by the edge of the Bann until he reached a narrow and unfrequented road, that led over it by a pass called Doran's Bridge. A labourer belonging to his father was employed on the spot in repairing a fence that some straggling cattle had broken down. Henry was in conversation with him, when his attention was suddenly called off by the sound of a jaunting-car, which just at that moment was crossing the bridge. It was driven by a servant, in the plain rural costume of the place. On the far side sat an old man, whose dress or appearance young Fortescue did not particularly notice; for all his attention, at the moment, was directed to his companion, who was placed on the opposite part of the vehicle. This companion was a pale, but beautiful, girl, of about eighteen, with lively blue eyes, and light hair: her figure was principally concealed by a large dark mantle, which she had folded around her. The car on which she sat went rapidly on; but Henry, even in the moment of its passage, saw enough to render him anxious and uneasy. He turned to the labourer: "Do you know the young lady that has just passed us?"

"She on the car, sir? To be sure I do: doesn't every body in the parish know her and her old father, Guinea Booker, along with her there? Troth, Master Henry, I wish, between you and I, that you were mar-

ried to her to-morrow; if you wor, ye He and the priest, while talking. needn't call an alderman your cousin. She has the mocusses, sir! The old fellow has the yellow gould rusting in crocks; it will all be hurs; and, along with that, she'll have all the land from the fur side of the road there to the bounds' ditch at Effernogue."

"Has her father no other child?"

asked Henry.

"Sorrow one but herself, sir; and, upon my sowl, sir, she's a good cratur, and a purty cratur; it would do you good to hear the poor praising her."

'Henry had no inclination to pursue his walk: he returned slowly homewards; and, after reading a chapter for his father from a religious book, he retired to bed—but not to repose.

'A few days only had passed when Henry had the gratification of meeting the fair stranger, and of being introduced to her as an acquaintance. This was brought about in a way that could hardly have been anticipated; and the pleasure which young Fortescue experienced on the occasion was as great as it was unexpected. had accompanied his father on Sunday morning to Ferns; they had heard what was called twelve o'clock mass in the parish chapel, for Mr. Fortescue and his family belonged to the Roman Ca-The crowd was tholic persuasion. gradually clearing off, and Henry and his father stood for a time in the chapel-yard viewing the different faces that passed before them: in a corner, under the shade of some sycamores, they observed the parish priest, a venerable-looking old man, engaged in conversation with a person who had something in his appearance that at a glance indicated what we would call snugness; he wore a broad hat, with a well-curled yellow wig; a tight brown body coat, buckskin breeches, and new top-boots, not indeed embellished by the compositions of Warren, or of Day and Martin, but gaily shining from a plentiful application of grease; the man had all the air of a farmer, and was evidently a substantial one. His countenance was by no means prepossessing; there was a turn in his eye, and a projection in his under lip, that bespoke a mixture of cunning and of monied pride.

occasionally towards Mr. looked Fortescue, who lingered behind the rest of the congregation; they at last approached him, and Father Doyle formally introduced the stranger.

" Mr. James Booker, sir, feels anxious to speak with you about a matter in which both of you are concerned. You are both men advanced in life-both experienced and respectable. You are both parishioners of mine, and I would like to have you acquainted. The present affair, sir, is something about a joint ditch to di-

vide vour farms."

Booker looked for a moment at the clergyman. "D'ye see me now, Father John? I think this an odd place, and a cold place, to talk about matters of this kind. What if you and Mr. Fortescue, and this young lad with him, come down to Effernogue this evening? We can have a quiet tumbler together, and settle the business at our aise: say but the wordas yourself says-and it's done."

Father John, to do him justice, was nothing loth-" he relished his friend, and he relished a bumper"he agreed to go. Mr. Fortescue could not refuse: he went in the evening, accompanied by Henry. The latter was introduced to the beautiful Emily Booker, and, from that hour, all the young folks of the surrounding villages looked on them as marked out for each other. The old people clung to the punch-bowl through the greater part of the time; and, as is usual in such cases, the affair for which they met was not once spoken of.

' After this Henry had various opportunities of meeting and talking with Miss Booker: in his evening walks by the river-side he frequently enjoyed that gratification, but the chapel of Ferns, on Sundays, was the place in which they were always sure to be found together. Whenever Mr. Booker happened to be from prayers, Henry always conducted Emily to her home, and the father usually obliged him to remain for the evening: for this it was not necessary to resort to very earnest solicitation; indeed, the young lover (for such he now was) appeared at all times eager to frame an excuse for remaining there. His music was thrown aside—his reading

was entirely neglected-or, if he went at all near his books, it was only to try if there were any among them likely to interest or gratify one who was now become but too dear to him. His malady went on progressively-his acquaintance rallied him on his fading complexion-and his father sometimes wondered at his apparent coldness. His prospects, however, were encouraging; Emily had in her disposition but little of coquetry; she was partial to him, and she sought not to conceal it: but there was a rival in question, and he happened at the present period to enjoy the favour and the countenance of old Booker. This was a Mr. Tyndall, a smooth-tongued Munsteronian; he was said to be extensively engaged in the corn trade at Cork, and his object in coming to Ferns was to make some purchases in that way: from Mr. Booker he engaged a considerable quantity, and, in the course of only one evening, he became quite a favourite with him. The secret of this sudden attachment lay in his ready acquiescence with all the old farmer's violent theological prejudices. Old Booker maintained it as an article of faith, that out of the Church of Rome there was no salvation: to this Tyndall fervently agreed. He looked on Luther as one regularly raised from hell to curse the world. and the Munsterman could not doubt it. He showed that the meeting of the two Eighteens (that is 18-18) was the time fixed for the destruction of heresy-and the stranger was more than convinced. The old theologian was delighted: he had met with a congenial spirit-he was apparently a monied man-and, although elderly, his appearance was fair and respect-In the fulness of his heart he thought of him as a son-in-law; and the other eagerly availed himself of a slight hint which Booker had given. With the daughter his case was hopeless-she disliked him. This, however, did not discourage him; he urged on his cause with the old man, and might have succeeded but for an unlucky accident. A friend whom he met with in the streets of Ferns, while his intended father-in-law stood near him, disclosed the unfortunate secret. Mr. Tyndall was a pretender—he was no Catholic-but a thorough-going, card-cursing, dance-damning, tabernacle-hunting, sleek-headed Methodist. All was over; the doors of Effernogue were closed against him for ever!

Another suitor was spoken of, but he was tardy in making his appearance. The father continued, in a goodhumoured mood, to threaten Emily with the intended favour: she thought he spoke merely in jest, but old Booker was of too serious a turn to joke upon matters of the kind; he was for weeks upon the look-out for the coming sweetheart, and angry was he when, evening after evening, he sat at the broad window which looked down the road, dwelling with a vacant eye upon the objects that passed before him-tracing the trees that waved with the temporary wind-and reckoning even the crows that flew across the way-yet beholding the twilight still deepening, and no

stranger approaching.

'On one of these evenings, in particular, he had been sitting at the window already mentioned until he became almost drowsy with watching; he had seen the sun going slowly down—he had observed the neighbouring farmers driving home their cattle for the evening—he had marked the sun-burnt mowers as they trudged down the narrow road, with their sithes loosely thrown across their shoulders-his own hay-makers had returned from their work—and from the gloomy marshes of Effernogue the wearied tramplers of the turf proceeded by many a route to their distant homes—the children who through the evening had flung their quoits, or tossed their little jack-stones about the dusty path, were now obliged to give up-the old grey-headed men, who sat upon the green bench or the sheltered bank by the road side, talking of things which probably happened in their boyhood, felt the darkness stealing on them, and the cold nightdew dropping about them, and prepared to retire; - there was hardly a gleam of light abroad. Old Booker had been dozing at his window; he started, and found that all around him was darkness; he arose and walked downwards to the little parlour, where Emily sat engaged in some trifling piece of needlework. She laid it aside as her father entered, and proceeded to rouse up the cheerful pile of turf that was blazing in the grate; a cluster of sparks flew out about her hand,

and she shrunk back.

" Money! Emily! that's money, d'ye see me now?—and it's not far away neither." She smiled, and, turning round, pointed to the candle that stood before him. " Look at that mark, father; see the long winding-sheet that hangs upon the candle there; don't speak of money, for that winding-sheet may be mine." The old man laughed: he touched her playfully upon the shoulder, and, for a few minutes, she left the room.

'She returned, and resumed her work : her countenance was calm, but it had about it an expression of melancholy-a something which looked like the effect of grief; and, if it were such withal, it gave to her features so beautiful, so interesting an air, that he who would wish to have her look for ever so could hardly be considered guilty of cruelty. She continued her work; the slight needle was wielded with a delicate and a dexterous hand; and Emily, as she proceeded, hummed the following little

"There are drooping hearts that in doubt and fear Go through their pilgrimage of pain-There are brilliant eyes that still drop the tear, Though that tear still drops in vain.

There are careless jests that are merely made

A loud and idle laugh to win And hollow smiles that but faintly shade The anguish that works within.

There are youthful bosoms as pure as snow, That heave the despairing sigh; And gentle spirits that onward go, With no hope—except to die.

There are-"

"Stop! Emily! stop with that croaking song," cried the father, lowering his brow, and turning up his nose disdainfully: " where, child, did you learn this? is it from young Fortescue? I never liked them books of his, and I tould you so. D'ye see me, Emily, I like the lad; but that's no reason neither, I'd as soon he'd stay away from us. I know he may have notions, and you may have notions—and the neighbourshave notions; but, d'ye see, Emily, I've notions too!-You don't want a husband with Greek and Latin, and Algibra, and all that jaw-breaking lingo: you don't want a scholar; you ought to get a settled man-a snug man-and a respectable man. They call me Guinea Booker because I have the rhino; but, by my conscience, my rhino won't be shell'd out for nothing !- No, no! I know a trick worth two of that-I'm not such a goose yet." He shook his head while he spoke, and the expression of his face was a mixture of anger and of self-complaisance. The step of a horse was heard outside—three loud knocks shook the front door. The old the highest honour that could await

man looked eagerly on Emily-his countenance brightened up, and he had only time to whisper "This is your sweetheart," when the stranger

made his appearance.

'Emily, as she was retiring, caught a glimpse of her new lover-and that glimpse shewed her more than enough; though apparently more active, he was in reality older than her father, and his air and manner had in them a mixture of offensive bluntness and ignorant arrogance. Mr. Doran was in reality a plain man; but this with him was a matter of pride: he was rich—he owned half a dozen slaty mountains near Bunclody—he was a sort of ruler of a district—and when he descended into the plain he imagined that on his part common civility was an act of condescension: he deemed himself a personage of vast importance; and, what was singular, he succeeded in impressing this idea upon the mind of Booker: the old farmer looked up to him with the most profound respect, and considered an alliance with such a man as the greatest blessing and him. This subject was soon introduced: Emily was shown to the stranger, who looked carelessly on her; he stipulated, almost within her hearing, for the fortune; and after some other preliminaries the marriage was fixed for the Sunday immediately following. The visitor departed early in the morning, leaving to the expecting domestics but a poor specimen of his mountain liberality.

'Emily's doom was now sealed; the appointed day was approaching, and she was to be given for life to one whom she did not merely dislike, but utterly detest. She had not heard for a few days past from Henry Fortescue; she had heard that he was ill, and such in reality was the case: she was conscious, however, that a warning in the cause of love would soon arouse him, and this warning was speedily given; in a very brief and incoherent epistle she made him acquainted with her trouble and her danger. It was enough-young Fortescue, on receiving it, forgot his illness; he flew to the accustomed place of meeting—they were together, and if they parted now they might never meet again under similar circumstances. This thought influenced Henry, and he decided accordingly; they left home on that evening, and arrived at Arklow a little after dark: they stopped at the house of an acquaintance, whose brother, the Catholic curate of the parish, performed the marriage ceremony on the following morning in the parish chapel.

ing morning in the parish chapel.
In a few days they returned, but old Guinea Booker was enraged—he would not see either of them; he had calculated upon a monied match, and this his favourite plan was crossed. He swore that both in his will should be cut off with a "blackguard shilling:" he was probably glad to have an excuse for retaining Emily's portion in his hands, and this made him affect to be angrier than he was in reality; at all events he was not to be moved by any arguments; many of their friends interceded, but he constantly declared that neither of them should ever sit by his fireside.'

#### STANZAS.

FAREWELL to thee, Hope, late so brilliantly beaming
Around the green coasts of our Emerald Isle!
Again are the eyes of fair Erin fast streaming,
Again overcast is the dawn of her smile.

Unstrung lies her harp, now forsaken—neglected—
That harp which once pealed to each hero's fond praise;
While from Time's darkened surface, but dimly reflected,
Shine their deeds—once the theme of the bard's kindling lays.

Oh, harp of my country! thou pledge of her sorrow!

Be silent till Freedom once more give thee breath;

Let the hand of her foes from thy music ne'er borrow

The deeds of thy sons, or the fame of their death.

Lie silent and low till fair Liberty wake thee,
And Peace with her blossoms shall crown thee once more;
Till Discord's foul feuds shall for ever forsake thee;
Then—then thou may'st sound—but, oh! never before.

Thrice cursed be the hands that to fury would drive thee,
Fair daughter of ocean! bright gem of the west!
Thrice cursed be each wretch who of peace would deprive thee,
And blacken with woes the dear soil we love best.

Rise, sons of Hibernia! 'tis Reason that calls you;
Break Bigotry's bands—be united once more:
Burst the shackle of party, that widely enthrals you;
Then—then, oh, my country, thy sorrows are o'er!

Oh! then how that harp, late unstrung, shall awaken,
And countless glad voices acknowledge the sound!
Then the standard of Peace to the breeze shall be shaken,
And Erin's green hills far re-echo around.

Dublin, Sept. 10, 1825.

### THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.\*

It is a condition inseparable from exalted rank that its possessor should be exposed to general scrutiny, and that in a country like England the censure or animadversion which his conduct may deserve should be visited upon him without much ceremony.

The rank of the lord chancellor, and the deep importance to almost every class of society that the duties with which he is intrusted should be properly discharged, have combined to make him, more perhaps than any other state functionary, an object of universal attention. The complaints, loud and deep, and frequent, of the manner in which the justice of his lordship's courts (for, like the fiend Legion, 'they are many') is administered, have been repeated until the ear is tired, and the heart sickens at them. In public and in private charges have been brought against him, and substantiated, or at least unanswered; in the House of Commons the abuses of the Court of Chancery have been detailed with the greatest minuteness, the censures of that House have plainly and unequivocally expressed, (whether tacitly or not, what does it matter?) and the voice of the whole nation, from one end to the other, has echoed back that expression, accompanied with a demand for redress of the wrongs thus acknowledged to exist. Now, if we were to stop here, and ask some stranger what he thought had been the result of these steps, he would naturally conclude that the delinquent officer of justice had been suspended or removed; that the administration had been purged from the faults and vices which had been suffered to accumulate upon it; and that the House of Commons had proved that the eulogiums passed upon it, and upon the Constitution, which it is instituted to preserve, were deserved. Alas! how different is this from the fact! The influence of the lord chancellor is such that all other powers bend before him; the intelligence and public virtue, and consistency and common honesty-

that is to say, so much of all these qualities as happens to be found in the House of Commons-are not strong enough when combined to encounter his gigantic power: but the whole force of the legislation lies spell-bound, as it were, at the feet of the mighty wizard, who rules as he pleases the destiny of this kingdom. The House of Commons did indeed listen to the complaints which were preferred against the lord chancellor; alternate horror and ridicule prevailed while they listened to the tyrannical and superstitious enormities which are practised within it. Families plunged into poverty, and kept there for ages; individuals ruined by the equitable villainies of others, and then chained to the chariot of Lord Eldon, to grace his triumph over Justice and Common Sense, until death releases them from him and the world; wealthy revenues, which, at the withering touch of his hand, have sunk and dwindled to nothing: these are the objects which the most cursory glance at the Court of Chancery presents, and these were all told over and over again in the House of Commons, in the very face of the country; and no man among Lord Eldon's friends could be found to gainsay one of the allegations against him.

As common decency required that something should be done, a commission was appointed—but such a commission as the history of the whole world cannot show to have been ever before appointed for such a purpose. There was in it a large majority of the chancellor's creatures, and, when the number was completed, they were one and all delivered over, bound hand and foot, to that man upon whom their verdict was to be pronounced.

Time enough, and three times more than enough for the purpose, has elapsed, and no Report has yet appeared. As nothing can be expected to result from the Report of such a commission, it matters little how long it is delayed; in the mean time the fact of its delay furnishes another instance

<sup>\*</sup> An Answer to the Lord Chancellor's Question, 'What is a Unitarian?' By J. G' Robberds. Hunter, 1825.

Indications respecting Lord Eldon, &c. By Jeremy Bentham, Esq. Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. J. and H. L. Hunt, 1825.

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of the immense power which the chancellor possesses, and that he can not only have a commission of his own nominating, but can bind and loose that commission when and how

he pleases.

It would be superfluous to do more than allude to the opposition which the lord chancellor has offered to Catholic Emancipation. Every body knows that he is the only real and formidable obstacle to that measure being carried, and that, if he should relax, all his myrmidons would follow his example, and from the first to the last-from the Duke of York to the Bishop of Chester—the whole show of opposition would melt away. We confess it is an enigma which we cannot understand—a riddle which we have not the skill to read—how such a man has come to have such power. That he is a man of ability no one ever attempts to deny; that his natural talents are good, and that age and experience, and the practice of a profession which helps more even than age and experience to make men cunning, have sharpened up his wits to a remarkable degree of subtlety, is admitted on all hands. Still this does not account for his being not only the most powerful man in the country, but that all the other powers combined are nothing like a match for him, and that there is only one power by which he is at all assailable—that of public

By the power of the public opinion the only serious castigation which can reach Lord Eldon in his lifetime is inflicted. History will do justice to his name after his death; but, severe and bitter as that justice must be, he cannot feel it in the body. In the mean time, the public opinion visits upon him the punishment he has provoked in the shape of universal hatred and scorn, and that deepest and most acute of human feelings which arises from a consciousness of oppressing, and a conviction of the impracticability of being revenged on the oppressor. The public journals are only useful inasmuch as they keep up this tone of public opinion; their attacks may be answered if it be worth while, because the chancellor can have as many newspapers in his pay as he likes; nay, he can have them gratis;

that is to say, his advocates will leave it to his generosity to reward them; and, truth to tell, his generosity does most frequently pay them as they deserve to be paid. One newspaper article is as good as another to that part of the community to which it is addressed; but the public opinion can neither be contradicted, nor belied. nor bullied, nor stifled, nor imprisoned for libel; but, like truth, every time it is attacked it gathers new strength, and the efforts of its enemies exhaust themselves while they confirm

its power.

To see the various ways in which this opinion displays itself is curious in every point of view, and satisfac-tory because it is universal. The two pamphlets, the titles of which we quote, are remarkable instances of this, different as they are in tone and spirit from each other. The first is a sermon by an Unitarian preacher. It will be remembered that the lord chancellor, when a bill for exempting the Unitarians from joining in the marriage ceremony, in its present form, was pending in the House of Lords, asked, in that tone of cool insolence which a consciousness of his own power has generated in him, whether somebody would tell him what a Unitarian was?' Mr. Robberds took an opportunity in the pulpit of explaining to his congrega-tion exactly what a Unitarian is, so that, in case any body should ask them, they might, at least, be able to give an answer. To a person less respected by the nature of his function than this gentleman, the opportunity of replying to the lord chancellor would have been an excellent one; but Mr. Robberds contents himself with the explanation we have alluded to, and declines the vengeance which almost courted him. His mildness is perhaps the severest censure, as his Christian spirit forms the most striking contrast to the bigoted taunt which was contained in the chancellor's affected ignorance on the subject. He says, 'It may seem strange that a grave and learned and conscientious man, one too who thinks so much dependent upon the answer which he shall receive to his question, should call upon others for information, with which he must have had good opportunities of providing him-

self as they. The philosophers of the Epicureans and Stoics, who asked of Paul, "May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?" had, at least, the merit of addressing themselves to the proper person. Whatever might be the character of their curiosity, they went with it to the best source of information. The doctrine too about which they inquired was literally new. It did not as yet, probably, exist in books; at least, the very few writings which can be supposed to have been in circulation at that early period were not likely to have fallen into the hands of any but believers. But, in the twenty-fifth year of the nine-teenth century, in a Christian and Protestant country, and after successive generations of far-famed disputants on the same great subject of controversy-the doctrine of the Unitarians cannot be so new, or the books which state and defend it so rare, or the lives and characters of its preachers and professors all so utterly obscure, as to leave our legislators in any unavoidable uncertainty on the question, "What is a Unitarian?",

The whole of this sectarian minister's reply to the chancellor is in the mildest and most forbearing spirit, and perhaps, therefore, it will not satisfy Still if he is really desirous of him. having an answer to his question, he can apply to his colleague, Lord Gifford, whom all the world knows to be a Unitarian; who, as common fame says, will one day succeed the lord chancellor; and who, while the mere fact of his being a Unitarian does not disqualify him for so eminent an office, will, we trust, remember that he who claims so wide an indulgence for himself, in matters of religious belief, ought to be among the first to concede the same indulgence to others. If the lord chancellor applied to us (which is an accident not likely to happen), we should tell him that we, not being Unitarians, and yet not being, or pretending to be, wholly ignorant of that which every body knows, could best explain it by its contraries. We should say a Unitarian is not a bigot, for he insists upon no man following his particular form of worship; that, while he doubts and differs from a large portion of has been encouraged in the Court of

mankind upon subjects of equal gravity and interest to them all, he condemns and reviles no man, nor any form of religion; he pretends to no exclusive nor extraordinary piety; he denies to no man that liberty of conscience which he exercises himself; he makes no loud and public profession of his integrity; nor sheds tears, nor calls upon God to witness the truth of the protestations he makes, in the face of an admiring audience; he is neither a hypocrite (that is to say, by virtue of his religion), nor rapacious, nor covetous; but he tries to practise, as well as the infirmity of his nature will allow him, that religion, the votaries of which are distinguished (notwithstanding the differences of sects) by humility in their own persons, and by charity to all mankind; and with this explanation the lord chancellor might, at some leisure time, see the difference between a Unitarian's doctrines and his own.

While Mr. Robberds is, however, thus mild in his rebuke to the lord chancellor, the ancient Bencher of Lincoln's Inn is bitter enough for any If sage Jeremy be two antagonists. mad, as most people believe, there is a method in his madness which is truly enviable: it seems rather to be an antic disposition which he puts on than real insanity, because a merely eccentric man may, for his own purposes, assume the appearance of madness; but a real madman, an eligible candidate for Bedlam, could not write a pamphlet upon these indications.

The object of Mr. Bentham's book is to prove that Lord Eldon, on his coming into office, formed and began to execute a plan for screwing up the fraud and extortion then existing in the Court of Chancery to the highest possible pitch. He does this in a fair way enough, and if any person doubts it let them answer him. It is true he uses hard words; but bad deeds deserve hard words: it is true that his style is wild and fantastic; but, if the matter be true and important, we shall not care how incoherently it be The Sibyls' oracles were uttered. not couched in any clear and sober terms, but they were valuable and wise.

Mr. Bentham says that a system

Chancery, by which the fees paid out of the pockets of suitors into those of the officers of the court have been unlawfully augmented. He shows that this practice is pernicious to the administration of justice, and burdensome to the people; and that it tends to benefit the judges (chiefly Lord Eldon) in a pecuniary point of view, because it increases the value of their patronage, and because valuable patronage is money. He then particularly directs his attention to the augmentation of fees made in 1807 by Lord Chancellor Erskine and his Mentor, as he calls Sir William Grant, then the Master of the Rolls. He asserts-we think, fairly enough-that the increase of fees, which are sooner or later, in part or in whole, to find their way into the pocket of the judge, is a species of bribery, and upon this he has a whimsical passage, which he quotes from that great common law authority (an authority, by the way, which he laughs at) Mr. Sergeant Hawkins. "Bribery," says the learned sergeant, "is sometimes taken for the receiving or offering of any undue reward, by or to any person whatsoever, whose ordinary profession or business relates to the administration of public justice, in order to incline him to do a thing against the known rules of honesty and integrity; for the law abhors [inuendo the common law, that is to say, it makes the judges abhor] any the least tendency to corruption in those who are any way concerned in its administration."

'Here the learned sergeant waxes stronger and stronger in sentimentality, as he ascends into the heaven of hypocrisy, where he remains during the whole of that and the next long section.—"Abhor corruption?" Oh yes, even as a dog does carrion.

'Be this as it may, note with how hot a burning iron he stamps bribery and corruption on the foreheads of such a host of sages:—of Lord Erskine (oh fie! isn't he dead?) Sir William Grant (oh fie! was he not an able judge?) and Lord Eldon, the lord of lords, with his etceteras the inferior chiefs.'

This seems to us as funny as any thing in Hooke's farces, and a great deal more true.

This augmentation was afterwards

confirmed by Lord Eldon, although at the same time he confessed that he doubted whether it was legal; but all this done with so much cunning, that the persons who ought most to have complained were silenced by the name of Lord Erskine, upon whom Lord Eldon, or, as Mr. Bentham calls him, John the Second, had taken care that all the blame should fall. We must give this in the Bencher's own words:—

' Note here the felicity of Lord Eldon: the profit reaped by him from the Hegira of a few months. We shall soon see, how, from one of the most unexpectable of all incidents, the grand design of the grand master of delay experienced a delay of six years: a delay, which, like so many of his own making, might never have found an end, but for the short-lived apparent triumph and unquiet reign of the pretenders to the throne. When, upon their expulsion, the legitimates resumed their due omnipotence, it seemed to all who were in the secrets of providence—and neither Mr. Bailey nor Mr. Justice Park, nor any other chaplain of Lord Eldon's, could entertain a doubt of it-that it was only to give safety and success to this grand design of his, that the momentary ascendency of the intruders had been permitted. The chancellor, by whom the first visible step in the track of execution was taken, being a Whig,-not only was a precedent set, and ground thus made for the accommodation of Lord Eldon, but a precedent which the Whigs, as such, stood effectually estopped from controvert-Poor Lord Erskine—all that he had had time to do, was to prepare the treat: to prepare it for his more fortunate predecessor and successor. Scarce was the banquet on the table, when up rose from his nap the "giant refreshed," and swept into his wallet, this, in addition to all the other sweets of office. As to poor Lord Erskine, over and above his paltry four thousand pounds a-year, nothing was left him, but to sing with Virgil-Sic vos non nobis mellificatis apes.'

He then shows that the same practice has been attempted, and with similar success, in the other courts; and, after alternating tickling the judges till they are ready to laugh, and then beating them till he makes them cry, he apostrophizes Mr. Peel and Mr. Canning in a manner which the latter at least must feel, and which is perhaps the more forcible from its being so wholly unexpected, and so different from all the preceding parts of the book.

Oppose now, if you have face for it, "the dragging the judges of the land" before the Catos whom you are addressing -the tribunal of Parliament. Fear no longer, Mr. Peel, if ever you feared before, the obtaining credence for your assurancethat it was by Lord Eldon his majesty was advised to commission Lord Eldon to report upon the conduct of Lord Eldon. Mr. Canning—you, who but two years ago—so light in the scale of sentimentalism is public duty weighed against private friendship, (and such friendship!) - you who, so lately, uttered the so solemn promise never to give a vote that should cast imputation upon Lord Eldon, watch well, sir, your time, and when, these imputations having come on, votes come to be given on them, repress then, if possible, your tears, and, wrapping yourself up in your agony, hurry out of the House.'

After this the Bencher gets a little wild, and goes so far as to call, in plain English, these venerable and eminent persons 'swindlers.' He says that this violation of the law by the judges was greater than that effected by the judges of Charles II. and attempted by those of James II. and if he does not prove it it is not his fault. He is only withheld from asserting that Lord Eldon is most unfit for his office by the recollection of Lord Redesdale, whom he introduces in the following whimsical note:

'I would willingly have said most unfit, but truth, as will be seen, forbids me.

'Saul and Jonathan were Lord Eldon and Lord Redesdale. Lord Eldon, Attorney-General; Lord Redesdale, Solicitor-General: chancellors—Lord Eldon, of England; Lord Redesdale, of Ireland. Scholars of the school of Fabius, but with one difference:—by the Roman cunctation, every thing was perfected; by the English and Irish, marred.

'The London laid a wager with the Dublin chancellor, which should, in a given time, do least business. Dublin beat London hollow.'

The lord chancellor is universally praised, even by his enemies, for his courteous manners. The Duke of Glo'ster, in the play, says, 'I can smile and smile,' and so forth. Mr. Bentham, in the enumeration of Lord Eldon's virtues, cannot forget this.

'Beyond all controversy,—recognised not less readily by adversaries than by dependants, one politico-judicial virtue his lordship has,—which, in his noble and learned bosom, has swelled to so vast a

magnitude, that, like Aaron's serpent-rod. it shows as if it had swallowed up all the In the public recognition of it. trembling complaint seeks an emollient for vengeance; decorous and just satire, a mask. After stabbing the Master of the Abuses through and through with facts, Mr. Vizard takes in hand the name of this virtue-and, inuendo, this is the only one that can be found, lays it like a piece of goldbeater's skin on the wounds. That which beauty, according to Anacreon, is to woman,—courtesy, according to every body, is to Lord Eldon: to armour of all sorts offensive as well as defensive—a matchless and most advantageous substitute. With the exception of those, whom, while doubting, he is ruining, and, without knowing any thing of the matter, plundering, - this it is that keeps every body in good humour: every body-from my lord duke, down to the barrister's servant-clerk. Useful here, useful there, useful every where,—of all places, it is in the cabinet that it does knights' service. It is the court stickingplaster, which, even when it fails to heal, keeps covered all solutions of continuity: it is the grand imperial cement, which keeps political corruption from dissolving in its own filth. Never (said somebody once), never do I think of Lord Eldon or Lord Sidmouth, but I think of the aphorism of Helvetius-Celui qui n'a ni honneur ni humeur est un Courtisan parfait.'

And, having thus gone through the subject of Lord Eldon's conduct respecting fees, Mr. Bentham concludes with a summary of his character, and the feats he has performed for the instruction of posterity, or for the use of some future historian. It is written with all possible severity; the last passage, quaint as it is, is not less masterly in composition than it is vigorous in expression; and the whole convinces us that Mr. Bentham's oddity is affected, either for some purpose, or merely from a habit of indulging himself; but that, when he chooses, he can write as forcibly and as well as any other political author. How very poor any thing of Cobbett's would look beside this, merely in the way of bitterness, to say nothing of the comprehensive view which is taken, and of which Cobbett is wholly incapable!

'To improve upon these hastily collected hints, and complete the investigation, would, if performed by a competent hand, assuredly be a most interesting as well as useful work.

"1. Nipping in the bud the spread of improvement over the habitable globe, ruining fortunes by wholesale, and involving in alarm and insecurity a vast proportion of the vast capital of the country, by wantonly scattered doubts, leaving the settlement of them to a future contingent time that may never come.

 Rendering all literary property dependent upon his own inscrutable and

uncontrollable will and pleasure.

'3. Establishing a censorship over the press, under himself, with his absolute and inscrutable will, as censor: inviting, after publication with its expense has been completed, applications to himself for prohibition, with profit to himself in these, as in all other instances.

'4. Leaving the line of distinction between cases for open and cases for secret judicature, for so long as there is any, at all times dependent on his own inscrutable and uncontrovertible will and pleasure, establishing and continually extending the practice of covering his own proceeding

with the cloak of secrecy.

'5. Rivetting, on the neck of the people, the continually pinching yoke of an aristocratical magistracy, by rendering all relief at the hands of the chancellor as hopeless, as, by artificial law expenses, and participation in sinister interest and prejudice, it has been rendered, at the hands of the judge.

'6. On pretence of heterodoxy, by expost facto law, made by a single judge for the purpose,—divesting parents of the guardianship of their own children.

'7. Injecting into men's minds the poison of insincerity and hypocrisy, by attaching to pretended misdeeds, sufferings, from which, by an unpunishable and unprovable, though solemn act of insincerity, the supposed misdoer may, in every case, with certainty exempt himself.

'8. In all manner of shapes, planting or fixing humiliation and anxiety in the breasts of all, who, on points confessedly too obscure for knowledge, oppose him, or refuse to join with him, in the profession of opinions, in relation to which there is no better evidence of their being really his, than the money and power he has obtained

by the profession of them.

by the only means by which success to pernicious falsehood can ever be secured. Proclaiming, in the most impressive manner, the falsehood and mischievousness of every thing that is called religion,—by punishing, or threatening to punish, whatsoever is said in the way of controverting the truth or usefulness of it.

· 10. Bearding Parliament, by openly declaring its incapacity to render unpunish-

able any thing, to which the judges, with the words common law in their mouths, shall have been pleased to attach punishment, or take upon them to punish :- thus. by the assumed authority of himself, and those his creatures, keeping men under the rod of punishment, for habits of action. which, in consideration of their innoxiousness, had by Parliament been recently exempted from it: as if Parliament had not exempted men from declared and limited, but for the purpose of subjecting them to unconjecturable and unlimited punishment. Witness the Unitarians, and all others, who will not, at his command thus signified, defile themselves with insincerity, to purchase the common rights of subjects.

'11. Doing that which even Parliament would not dare to do, and because Parliament would not dare to do it : doing it, with no other warrant, than this or that one of a multitude of words and phrases, to which one import as well as another may be assigned at pleasure. Witness libet, blasphemy, malice, contra bonos mores, conspirary, Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land: converting thus at pleasure into crimes, any the most perfectly innoxious acts, and even meritorious ones: substituting thus, to legislative definition and prohibition, an act of ex post facto punishment, which the most consummate legal knowledge would not have enabled a man to avoid, and as to which, in many an instance, perhaps, it was not intended that it should be avoided.

'All this—which, under a really existing constitution, grounded on the greatesthappiness-principle, would furnish matter for impeachment upon impeachment,—furnishes, under the imaginary matchless one, matter of triumph, claim to reward, and

reward accordingly.

'12. Poisoning the fountain of history, by punishing what is said of a departed public character on the disapproving side—while, for evidence and argument on the approving side, an inexhaustible fund of reward is left open to every eye: thus, by suppression, doubling the effect of subornation, of evidence. This by the hand of one of his creatures: his own hand, without the aid of that other, not reaching quite far enough.

'The title Master of the Abuses, which occurs in page 76, may perhaps have been thought to require explanation. It was suggested by that of Master of the Revels, coupled with the idea of the enjoyments in which he and his have for so many years been seen revelling by the exercise given to

the functions of it.

'The Mastership of the Revels being abolished, or in disuse,—the Mastership of the Abuses appears to have been silently

substituted; and Lord Eldon presents himself as having been performing the functions of the office, as yet without a salary : with his masters in Chancery, serving under him in the corresponding capacity, and on the same generous footing, on the principle of the unpaid magistracy. A subject for calculation might be-at what anno domini, the business of all the denominated offices, possessed by those masters and their grand master respectively, will have been brought into the state, into which, under his lordship's management, that of the six clerks has already been brought, together with that of the six offices, with which the future services of his honourable son have been so nobly and generously remunerated ?-at what halcyon period, these offices will, with the rest, have been sublimated into sinecures, and the incumbents apotheosed into so many Dii majorum, or Dii minorum gentium of the Epicurean heaven?

to help conception, a short parallel between the noble and learned lord, and his noble and learned predecessor Jefferies, may be not altogether without its use.—

General Jefferies had his one "campaign:"
General Eldon, as many as his command lasted years. The deaths of Jefferies's killed-off were speedy: of Eldon's, lingering as his own resolves. The deaths of Lord Jefferies's victims were public—the sufferers supported and comforted in their affliction by the sympathy of surrounding thousands: Lord Eldon's expired, unseen, in the gloom of that solitude, which wealth on its departure leaves behind it. Jefferies,

whatsoever he may have gained in the shape of royal favour—source of future contingent wealth,—does not present himself to us clothed in the spoils of any of his slain. No man, no woman, no child did Eldon ever kill, whose death had not, in the course of it, in some way or other, put money into his pocket. In the language, visage, and deportment of Jefferies, the suffering of his victims produced a savage exultation: in Eldon's, never any interruption did they produce to the most amiable good humour, throwing its grace over the most accomplished indifference. Jefferies was a tiger: Eldon, in the midst of all his tears, like Niobe, a stone.

' Prophet at once and painter, another predecessor of Lord Eldon-Lord Bacon, has drawn his emblem. Behold the man (says he), who, to roast an egg for himself, is ready to set another's house on fire! So far so good: but, to complete the likeness, he should have added-after having first gutted it. One other emblem-one other prophecy. Is it not written in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments? Sinbad the Sailor, Brittania: Old Man of the Sea, the Learned Slaughterer of Pheasants, whose prompt deaths are objects of envy to his suitors. After fretting and pummelling, with no better effect than sharpening the gripe,the Arabian slave, by one desperate effort, shook off his tormenting master. The entire prophecy will have been accomplished, and the prayers of Brittannia heard, should so happy an issue, out of the severest of all her afflictions, be, in her instance, brought to pass.'

## OWEN'S LAMENTATION.

An! what are all the silent charms of mind, By genius gifted, and by love refined— The melody of thought, which secret sings Of themes sublime, sky, stars, and brightest things-The shapes of fancy's breath—the world within, Like blooming Eden, blighted not by sin-Ah! what are all to him who hath not one To love him here, or mourn for him when gone? Ah! what are all when Beauty's eye but turns To scorn the wretch desire of beauty burns? Vain, vain, ye sophists, who say mind is all-That his alone are joys which will not pall! O! there is sorrow in a world of sweets, Where love is not, nor heart nor bosom meets! The flowers must blow to please some cheering eye, Or lonely man will lay him down and die

LOUGHLIAGH.

Do you see that bit of a lake?' said my companion, turning his eyes towards the acclivity that overhung Loughliagh. \* 'Troth, and as little as you think of it, and as ugly as it locks with its weeds and its flags, it is the most famous one in all Ireland. Young and ould, rich and poor, far and near, have come to that lake to get cured of all kinds of scurvy and sores. The Lord keep us our limbs whole and sound, for it's a sorrowful thing not to have the use o' them. 'Twas but last week we had a great grand Frenchman here; and, though he came upon crutches, faith he went home as sound as a bell; and well he paid Billy Reily for curing him.'

'And, pray, how did Billy Reily cure him?'

Oh, well enough. He took his long pole, dipped it down to the bottom of the lake, and brought up on the top of it as much plaster as would do for a thousand sores.'

What kind of plaster?

What kind of plaster! Why black plaster, to be sure: for, isn't the bottom of the lake filled with a kind of black mud, which cures all the world?'

Then it ought to be a famous

lake, indeed.'

'Famous! faith, and so it is,' replied my companion: 'but it isn't for its cures neather that it is famous; for, sure, doesn't all the world know there is a fine beautiful city at the bottom of it, where the Good People live just like Christians?'

'Indeed!

Troth, it is the truth I tell you; for Shemus-a-sneidht saw it all when he followed his dun cow, that was stolen.'

' Who stole her?'

t Little James.

· I'll tell you all about it. Shemus was a poor garsoon, who lived on the brow of the hill, in a cabin with his ould mother. They lived by hook and by crook, one way and another, in the best way they could. They had a bit o' ground that gave 'em the preaty, and a little dun cow, that gave 'em

the drop o' milk; and, considering how times go, they weren't badly off. for Shemus was a handy garsoon, to boot; and, while minden the cow, cut heath and made brooms, which his mother sould on a market-day, and brought home the bit o' tobaccy, the grain of salt, and other nic-nackeries, which a poor body can't well do widout.

Once upon a time, however, Shemus went farther than usual up the mountain, looken for long heath; for town's-people don't like to stoop, and so like long handles to their brooms. The little dun cow was a most as cunnen as a Christian sinner, and followed Shemus, like a lap-dog, every where he'd go, so that she required little or no herden. On this day she found nice picken on a round spot as green as a leek; and, as poor Shemus was weary, as a body would be on a fine summer's day, he lay down on the grass to rest himself, just as we're resten ourselves on the Cairne here. Begad, he hadn't long lain there, sure enough, when, what should he see but whole loads of ganconers dancing about the place? Some o' them were hurlen, some kicking a football, and others leaping a hick-stepand-a-lep. They were so soople and so active that Shemus was highly delighted with the sport; and a little tanned-skinned chap in a red cap pleased him betther than any o' them, bekase he used to tumble the other fellows like mushroons. At one time he had kept the ball up for as good as half an hour, when Shemus cried out "Well done, my hurler!" The word wasn't well out of his mouth when whap went the ball on his eye, and Poor Shemus flash went the fire. thought he was blind, and roared out "Mille murdher!" but the only thing he heard was a loud laugh .-"Cross o'Christ about us," says he to himself," what is this for?" and, afther rubbing his eyes, they came too a little, and he could see the sun and sky; and, by-and-by, he could see every thing but his cow and the mischevious generous. mischevious ganconers. They were

<sup>.</sup> Loughliagh signifies the healing lake, or literally the doctor-lake, and derives its name from the healing properties of the bitumen found deposited at the bottom.

gone to their Rath, or Mote; but where was the little dun cow? He looked, and he looked; and he might have looked from that day to this, bekase she wasn't to be found; and good reason why—the ganconers took her away with 'em.

'Shemus-a-sneidh, however, didn't think so, but ran home to his mother.

"Where is the cow, Shemus?" axed the ould woman.

"Och, musha, bad luck to her," said Shemus, "I donna where she is."

" Is that an answer, you big blaggard, for the likes o' you to give your

poor ould mother?" said she.
" Och, musha," said Shemus, "don't kick up such a bollhour about nothen. The ould cow is safe enough, I be bail, some place or other, though I could find her if I put my eyes upon kippeens; and, speaken of eyes, faith, I had very good luck o' my side, or I had nare a one to look afther her.'

"Why, what happened your eyes,

agrah?" axed the ould woman.

"Oh! didn't the ganconers—the Lord save us from all hurt and harm! -drive their hurlen ball into them both? and sure I was stone blind for an hour."

"And may be," said the mother, " the Good People took our cow?"

" No, nor the devil a one o' them," said Shemus, "for, by the Powers, that same cow is as knowen as a lawyer, and wouldn't be such a fool as to go with the ganconers while she could get such grass as I found for her to-

In this way,' continued my informant, ' they talked about the cow all that night; and, next mornen, both o' them set off to look for her. Afther searching every place, high and low, what should Shemus see sticking out of a bog-hole but something very like the horns of his little beast?

"Oh, mother, mother!" said he,

" I've found her!"

"Where, alanna?" axed the ould

" In the bog-hole, mother," an-

swered Shemus.

'At this the poor ould creathure set up such a pullalluc, that she brought the seven parishes about her; and the neighbours soon pulled the cow out of the bog-hole. You'd Vol. I.—No. 8.

swear it was the same; and yet it wasn't, as you shall hear by-and-by.

'Shemus and his mother brought the dead beast home with them; and, after skinnen her hung the meat up in the chimney. The loss of the drop o' milk was a sorrowful thing; and, though they had a good deal of meat, that couldn't last always; besides the whole parish faughed upon them for eating the flesh of a beast that died without bleeden. But the pretty thing was, they couldn't eat the meat afther all; for, when it was boiled, it was as tough as carrion, You might and as black as a turf. as well think of sinking your teeth in an oak plank as into a piece of it; and then you'd want to sit a great piece from the wall for fear of knocking your head against it when pulling it through your teeth.

'At last and at long run they were forced to thow it to the dogs; but the dogs wouldn't smell to it, and so it was thrown into the ditch, where it This misfortune cost poor Shemus many a salt tear, for he was now obliged to work twice as hard as before, and be out cutten heath on the mountain late and early. One day he was passen by this Cairne with a load of brooms on his back, when what should he see but the little dun cow, and two red-headed fellows herd-

ing her?

"That's my mother's cow," said

Shemus-a-sneidh.

"No, it is not," said one of the chaps. "But I say it is," said Shemus, throwing the brooms on the ground, and seizing the cow by the horns. At that the red fellows drove her as fast as they could to this steep place, and with one leap she bounced over, with Shemus stuck fast to her horns. They made only one splash in the lough, when the waters closed over'em, and they sunk to the bottom. Just as Shemus-a-sneidh thought that all was over with him, he found himself before a most elegant palace built with jewels, and all manner of fine stones. Though his eyes were dazzled with the splendour of the place, faith he had gomsh enough not to let go his holt, but, in spite of all they could do, he held his little cow by the horns. He was axed into the palace, but wouldn't go.

'The hubbub at last grew so great that the door flew open, and out walked a hundred ladies and gentlemen, as fine as any in the land.

"What does this boy want?" axed one o' them, who seemed to be the

masther.

"I want my mother's cow," said Shemus.

"That's not your mother's cow,"

said the gentleman.

"Bethershin!" cried Shemus-asneidh; "don't I know her as well

as I know my right hand?"

"Where did you lose her?" axed the gentleman; and so Shemus up and tould him all about it, how he was on the mountain—how he saw the Good People hurlen—how the ball was knocked in his eye—and his cow was lost.

"I believe you are right," said the gentleman, pulling out his purse— "and here is the price of twenty cows

for you."

"No, no," said Shemus, "you'll not catch ould birds wid chaff. I'll have my cow, and nothen else."

"You're a funny fellow," said the gentleman. "May be you'd stop here, and live with us?"

"No," said Shemus-a-sneidh, "I'd rather live with my mother."

"Foolish boy!" said the gentleman, stop here, and live in a palace."

"I'd rather live in my mother's cabin."

" Here you can walk through gardens loaded with fruit and flowers."

"I'd rather," said Shemus, " be cutting heath on the mountain."

"Here you can eat and drink of the best."

"Since I've got my cow, I can have milk once more with the pheaties."

"Oh!" cried the ladies, gathering round him, "sure you wouldn't take away the cow that gives us milk for our tea?"

"Oh!" said Shemus, "my mother wants milk as bad as any one, and she must have it; so there is no use in your palavar—I must have my

cow."

'At this they all gathered about him, and offered him bushels of gould, but he wouldn't have any thing but his cow. Seeing him as obstinate as a mule, they began to thump and beat him; but still he held fast by the horns, till at length a great blast of wind blew him out of the place, and, in a moment, he found himself and the cow standing on the side of the lake, the water of which looked as if it hadn't been disturbed since Adam was a boy; and that's a long time since.

'Well, Shemus-a-sneidh drove home his cow, and right glad his mother was to see her; but, the moment she said "God bless the beast," she sunk down like the breesha of a turf rick; and that wes the end of Shemus-a-sneidh's dun cow.

'And sure,' continued my companion, standing up, 'it is now time for me to look afther my brown cow, and God send the ganconers haven't taken her!' Of this I assured him there could be no fear; and so we parted.

# MR. BLANCO WHITE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST THE CATHOLICS.\*

MR. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE, you come before us in a 'questionable shape.' You have proclaimed yourself a renegade Spaniard, an apostate Catholic, an ex-Jesuit, and an enemy of that unfortunate country which your forefathers loved, and from

which they were exiled by the predecessors of those whose champion you have become, and whose religious and political principles you have espoused. The ties of kindred and country you have burst through, the claims of honour you have disregard-

Practical and internal Evidence against Catholicism, with occasional Strictures on Mr. Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church: in Six Letters, addressed to the Impartial among the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland. By the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, M. A. B. D. in the University of Seville; Licentiate of Divinity in the University of Osuna; formerly Chaplain Magistral (Preacher) to the King of Spain, in the Royal Chapel at Seville; Fellow, and once Rector, of the College of St. Mary a Jesu of the same town; Synodal Examiner of the Diocese of Cadiz; Member of the Royal Academy of Belles Lettres, of Seville, &c. &c.; now a Clergyman of the Church of England:—Author of Doblado's Letters from Spain. Murray, 1825.

A few Observations on the Evidence against Catholicism. By the Rev. J. B. White,

&c. &c. &c. Booker, 1825.

ed, and you have obtruded yourself a labelled and voluntary national informer. Nay, more, in contradiction, we suppose, of the usual boast of Catholics, you have revealed the secrets of the confessional, you have drawn arguments from your own disgusting vices, and libelled the religious females of your native country, advancing your own experience as a proof of the immorality of Spanish nunneries. Perhaps these are offences pardonable in our modern ethical schools, and no doubt would be regarded as harmless in a Court of Equity; but, amongst men of honour, and of the world, nay, amongst pious men, we are convinced they will be received in a very different light. They will consider such barefaced exposures as indecent and uncalled for; and, applying the worldly maxim, they will doubt the statements of the gallant who could 'kiss and tell;' for it is pretty generally known that he who is in the habit of boasting of ladies' favours has seldom been in the enjoyment of any.

Mr. Blanco White, with all the littleness of a pedant, has ostentatiously 'set forth' his learned titles and academical honours; but, whatever his other acquirements may be, logic is decidedly not one of them, for we have never met with more disjointed arguments or more unwarrantable conclusions. His friends—and they are the advocates of exclusionhave, however, declared that Mr. Blanco White, the ex-Jesuit of Seville, has opposed Catholic emancipation by new arguments, and that he is the ablest champion which has yet appeared for Protestant ascendency. We are glad that they have done so; we are glad that the 'renegade Papists,' Phelan and O'Sullivan, are put upon the shelf, because these latter imbeciles are thus treated as presumptuous ignorance merits; and because that, if every thing Mr. Blanco White has said respecting the Catholic religion were true, the necessity of speedy and unqualified emancipation would be only made the more apparent.

Suppose we admit that the Catholic religion generates intolerance—that it is not infallible—that it has no unity—that monks and nuns are immoral—that Rome is the enemy of

education—and that the Breviary in Spain is a compound of lies-(and these are the amount of Mr. Blanco's objections)-what then? Why that in a country where Catholics form only one-third of the population, they should be emancipated at once. Admit them to the light of truth, if they are in darkness; for that which is supported by reason will naturally attach men to it, when not withheld by the fear of being reproached with mercenary motives. Mr. Blanco might have found this fact in the works of a man, to whose writing, if the ex-Jesuit is to be believed, he is indebted for his conversion from atheism to Christianity: but, alas! Blanco is no philosopher; and, though he has dipped into theology, it does not appear that he read Paley's moral and political works at all. In the work before us, however, the 'Renegade' supplies an answer to his own arguments, for he repeatedly says that men are Catholics only because they are prevented from acquiring knowledge; and, in this as in other instances, he adduces himself as an irrefragable proof. Then why not allow them the means of seeing the deformity of their own creed? Why keep them for ever brooding in the errors of superstition, when, by opening the portals of the constitution, you would be shedding on them the light of a purer religion, and introducing them to scenes where they could not fail to recognise the loveliness of truth? Exclude them, and, judging the future by the past, they will continue for ever Papists; remove their restrictions, and you give them a chance, at least, of abandoning This is the only answer such divines as Blanco merit. Admit all their premises, and then turn their conclusions against themselves.

But we are not so slightly read in the philosophy of the human mind as to suppose, for an instant, that Blanco believes in all he has stated: he has been for some time an author by profession, and knows better how to write a book that will sell than a book that will support the interest of truth. Indeed, when we find that the Pope, according to his account, can absolve a man from any crime, cancel oaths, and do several such wonderful things, we are half inclined to suspect

that Blanco is only a Jesuit in disguise—that he is, like a good Catholie, advancing the interest of his religion under the gown of a Protestant clergyman; for he tells us the Papists are obliged to do every thing for the destruction of heresy, provided they do nothing that injures their own religion. We are not in the secret; and perhaps some of the Continental powers, or even the Pope himself, might think, that opposing the emancipation of the Irish Catholics is the best way to extend the influence of the church of Rome. The daily conversions to Catholicity seem to confirm such a supposition : we would have the Bishop of London look to it in time.

It is now time that we should tell the reader who Joseph Blanco White is; but the ex-Jesuit has saved us a part of the trouble by furnishing the following account of himself:

' I am descended from an Irish family, whose attachment to the Roman Catholic religion was often proved by their endurance of the persecution which, for a long period, afflicted the members of their persuasion in Ireland. My grandfather was the eldest of three brothers, whose voluntary banishment from their native land, rooted out my family from the county of Waterford. A considerable fortune enabled my ancestor to settle at Seville, where he was inscribed on the roll of the privileged gentry, and carried on extensive business as a merchant. But the love of his native land could not be impaired by his foreign residence; and as his eldest son (my father) could not but grow attached to Spain, by reason of his birth, he sent him in his childhood to Ireland, that he might also cling to that country by early feelings of kindness. It was thus that my father combined in his person the two most powerful and genuine elements of a religionist—the unhesitating faith of persecuting Spain; the impassioned belief of persecuted Ireland.

My father was the first of his kindred that married into a Spanish family; and his early habits of exalted piety made him choose a wife whom few can equal in religious sincerity. I have hallowed the pages of another work\* with the character of my parents: yet affection would readily furnish me with new portraits, were I not anxious to get over this preliminary egotism. It is enough to say that such were

the purity, the benevolence, the angelic piety of my father's life, that, at his death, multitudes of people thronged the house to indulge a last view of the dead body. Nor was the wife of his bosom at all behind him, either in fulness of faith or sanctity of manners. The endeavours of such parents to bring up their children in conformity with their religious notions may, therefore, be fully conceived without the

help of description.

' No way wardness of disposition appeared in me to defeat or obstruct their labours. At the age of fourteen all the seeds of devotion, which had been assiduously sown in my heart, sprung up as it were spontaneously. The pious practices, which had hitherto been a task, were now the effect of my own choice. I became a constant attendant at the congregation of the Oratory, where pious young men, intended for the church, generally had their spiritual directors. Dividing my time between study and devotion, I went through a course of philosophy and divinity at the University of Seville; at the end of which I received the Roman Catholic order of sub-deacon. By that time I had obtained the degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Divinity. Being elected a Fellow of the College of St. Mary a Jesu of Seville, when I was not of sufficient standing for the superior degree of Licentiate of Divinity, t which the Fellowship required, I took that degree at Osuna, where the statutes demand no interval between these academical honours. A year had scarcely elapsed since I had received priest's orders, when, after a public examination, in competition with other candidates, I obtained the stall of Magistral or Preacher, in the chapter of king's chaplains, at Seville. Placed, so young, in a situation which my predecessor had obtained after many years' service as a vicar, in the same town, I conceived myself bound to devote my whole leisure to the study of religion. I need not say that I was fully conversant with the system of Catholic divinity; for I owed my preferment to a public display of theological knowledge: yet I wished to become acquainted with all kinds of works which might increase and perfect that knowledge.'

We take the subsequent part of his life from the author of 'Obser-

vations, &c.

Light clouds of doubt begun to pass over his mind, and to get rid of them he preached a sermon on Infidelity to the Royal Brigade of Carabineers. The recipe seems strange, the effect of it still more

· Letters from Spain, by Don Leucadio Doblado.'

to Previous to the degree of Doctor of Divinity a severe examination takes place, which gives to the Licentiate all the rights, though not the honours, of Doctorship. These may be obtained by a Licentiate, at any time, by the payment of some fees.

singular. This sermon quickened his conversion, and he was an atheist before the end of the year. What effect it had upon the Royal Carabineers he does not say,no doubt it made them all athiests too,that is to say if they heard it, and were not of the soldier's opinion, "Qui'l ne faut pas parler de la religion dans la guerre."
He then gives his reasons for believing, one of which was that without a living (infallible interpreter) the Bible was a dead letter.\* But when he found this was not so, he gave up the Bible and its Author, and all the arguments in favour of one and the other and became an atheist. Now I for one much doubt if there is any one so unfortunate as to be utterly destitute of all belief in a God; but thus far I am certain that Mr. Blanco never was. Of course I do not say it as a reproach; I am very glad he never was; but I only tell it as a warning lest he may be in fact as little of a Church-of-England man, as he was of an atheist; for as he plainly does not know what the latter means he may perhaps be ignorant of the meaning of the former. which case he is not only deceiving himself, but the Rev. Edward Coplestone, and even one whose good opinion, if I understand him right, he would be still less willing to lose, the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of London. During the whole period of his scepticism Mr. Blanco was incessant in prayer. But if there is one duty of religion that would be more slighted than another where all were disregarded it would be that of prayer. To whom should the atheist pray? Did Mr. Blanco raise altars to Reason, or adore her in the shape of a naked prostitute? Perhaps not, -but he was continually assailing Heaven with prayers for grace, though to what power he addressed them, as he has not told us, must remain undetermined.

' Having excited the pity of all Christian readers, by declaring himself to have been an unbeliever; he next tells us that he was a son, and gives a beautiful passage on his filial piety (a virtue that he fre-quently arrogates to himself,) and in one place compares his feelings to those of Pope with regard to his mother. But whoever has read the poet's affecting letter will see how different was the delicacy of his feeling (" qui nequeat lacrymas per-ferre parentis") who brings forward no stories of his mother's weaknesses, no lamentations over her obstinate enthusiasm, but who felt in the true spirit of Christianity, that his God would be better pleased by his preservation of his mother's heart than the declaration of his own conversion. Religious enthusiasm in vain applied to him to rip up those errors for her

sake which filial piety commanded him to conceal.

'I cannot help remarking upon the singularity of the scene of Mr. Blanco's sudden conversion. All such speedy transitions of faith that I have ever hitherto heard of have been made in some situation whose awfulness invoked the attention of the creature to the Creator and claimed his devotion: but Mr. Blanco felt the inspiring influence of Church-of-Englandism as he was prying about the parochial church of St. James's. Much as I admire the general doctrine of our church; I confess that I think it is rather by sober reflection in the chamber—by cool reason in the closet, that it will make converts, than by sudden enthusiasm, caught in its high places, and certainly than by the warmth inspired by its London palaces. But Mr. White entered the church by some accident, unusual I presume, to an atheist as he professed himself to be; he saw the well-fed priest ascend the pulpit and heard the enlivening tones of his voice he saw the glad glowing enthusiasm it kindled in his congregation, and he immediately concluded, that if there was not peace, there was at least plenteousness in all her palaces. Thus convinced, the sceptic Spaniard presently took English orders and then he retired to Oxford, and in so doing chose the place the least fitted to erase from his memory the religion he had originally professed, of any place in the British dominions; there he saw the monuments of popish grandeur; there he saw the plenitude of popish institutes; there he saw the remains of popish bigotry, and relics of popish superstition, popish feelings under Protestant garbs. his sleep sound at the Mitre (may be never sleep under one again!) the first night of his arrival at Oxford?-Surely the streets he had passed through, must have made him tremble to think of the piles that had been raised there for the destruction of Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer in the darker ages of Catholic superstition, Whether his dreams were of these unfortunate martyrs; or of the monks, martyrs to nothing but gout and disease that now possess those places he has not told us; but he was soon called away to superintend the education of a nobleman's children. Who that nobleman was, he has not told us here, probably from some slight feeling of shame at inserting his name in a publication the author must be too well aware how highly he would disapprove, perhaps too, deeming that some of his readers might the less excuse the man, who having had for two years the advantage of that nobleman's conversa-

If the two bracketed words were omitted, this sentence might explain some of the latter part of the Rev. Gentleman's conduct.'

tion, had so little profited by it as to oppose decidedly his opinion in politics, upon a subject upon which his own ignorance of the real argument and his bias as to the facts, made him so incapable of judging. In Doblado's Letters however, he says, that " this nobleman's love of the literature of Spain and great acquaintance with that country, would be enough to designate him, were he not best known by a peculiar benevolence of heart, which no man ever expressed so faithfully in the affability of his manners." It will be to the latter of these designations belonging to him in so great a degree, as to make him "more than man" that Mr. Blanco will be indebted, if he is still honored with the same friendship which he now boasts.

The effect of the sight of the Rector of St. James's had wrought rather too sudden a conversion upon Mr. Blanco's infidel mind, for soon after he had published " Lectures by aClergy man of the Church of England," he tells us he was rather puzzled by "Taylor's Atonement," and began to think of becoming a Unitarian. This he considers a period of darkness, and he prayed daily for light, which at last came to him and convinced him that the church of England was better than Unitarianism, three to one; and here ends (for the present at least) this Rev. Gent.'s doubts. Whether if the Catholics should be emancipated (the consequence of which, will of course and immediately be the establishment of the Catholic religion in Great Britain); Mr. Bianco White may not be found again administering rites in St. Giles's, and preaching to Royal Fusileers upon disbelief in the Pope at St. James's, I leave those who admire the consistency of his character to consider. For my own part I should wonder at nothing in Mr. Blanco's religion, even it he were to endure the painful rites of initiation to the Moslem creed, or were I to meet him propensa barba, in the purlieus of Monmouth Street.

knows,

And bid him go to hell to hell he goes."

'But I insist upon it that no judge in his majesty's dominions would allow such a witness's evidence to be taken in any court of justice.'

From this abridgment of Blanco's piece of auto-biography it appears that his life would form a good history of variations; and, perhaps, when he meets by chance (he met all his books by chance) Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason,' he may relapse once more into infidelity. Should he then read Dr. Milner's 'End of

Controversy,' he might turn again to old Popery. There is no accounting for a man whose faith was staggered by 'Taylor on the Atonement,' and reconverted by one of the most stupid books we have ever read. have now,' says he, in conclusion, 'gone through the religious history of my mind, in which I request you to notice the result of my various situations. Under the influence of that mental despotism, which would prevent investigation by the fear of eternal ruin, or which mocks reason by granting the examination of premises, while it reserves to itself the right of drawing conclusions, I was irresistibly urged into a denial of Revelation: but no sooner did I obtain freedom than, instead of my mind running riot in the enjoyment of the long-delayed boon, it opened to conviction, and acknowledged the truth of Christianity. The temper of that mind shows, I believe, the general character of the age to which it belongs. I have been enabled to make an estimate of the moral and intellectual state of Spain, which few who know me and that country will, I trust, be inclined to discredit. Upon the strength of this knowledge, I declare again and again that very few among my own class (I comprehend clergy and laity) think otherwise than I did before my removal to England. The testimony of all who frequent the Continent—a testimony which every one's knowledge of foreigners supports - represents all Catholic countries in a similar condition. Will it, then, be unreasonable to suppose, that, if a fair choice was given between the religion of Rome and other forms of Christianity, many would, like myself, embrace the Gospel which they have rejected? Is there not some presumption of error against a system which every where revolts an improving age from Christianity? Let us examine that system itself.

Were we to select a passage from the most zealous advocate of Catholic emancipation, we could not choose one better suited to our purpose than the foregoing. 'Will it, then,' says he, 'be unreasonable to suppose, that, if a fair choice was given between the religion of Rome and other forms of Christianity, many would, like myself, embrace the Gospel which

they have rejected?' Leaving out the cant, what kind of logician have we here, who, after this, wrote a book expressly to persuade Protestants not to admit Catholics to a fair choice-not to emancipate them? Say what you like, Mr. Blanco, about the system-abuse Pope and Popery if you please—but allow the Catholics an opportunity of making a fair choice; for we do think that 'there is some presumption of error against a system' which deprives a man of the liberty of making a fair choice. Now, reader, listen to the following sage remarks: recollect he is addressing Catholics.

' You might, indeed, have expected that, former Popes having unfortunately increased the obscurity of this important point of your faith by their political claims, those who have filled the Roman see in later times would have put an end to these doubts, by tolerating no longer, but publicly and positively disclaiming, the doctrines of supremacy embraced by their predecessors. Instead of allowing the English and Irish Catholics to apply to Catholic Universities for declarations, which these bodies are not authorized to give, the Pope himself might at once have removed the doubt, as to the obedience which he claims from you Why, then, this silence? why this toleration of an opinion which casts a suspicion upon your loyalty; which, if adopted, as you cer-tainly may adopt it so long as it is tolerated, must more than divide your allegiance?'

We refer this ex-Jesuit, whose theological proficiency procured him such honours at Seville, to the Pope's Letter to the Irish Bishops, approving of an alteration in their consecration oath, for an answer. He will there find that the Pope has disclaimed all temporal power in these dominions.\*

Being quite dissatisfied with the answers of the Universities, he asks, 'Can the Pope, in virtue of what Roman Catholics believe his divine authority, command the assistance of the faithful in checking the progress of heresy by any means not likely to produce loss or danger to the Roman Catholic Church? and can that Church acknowledge the validity of any engagement to disobey the Pope in such cases?' This nonsense, which he prints in Italics, don't deserve an answer; and we really suspect the man who could, in this age, ask so silly a question, never to have been a Catholic priest. This is our serious opinion; and, therefore, we shall call Mr. Blanco an ex-Jesuit no more.

With Mr. Blanco White's theology we have nothing to do; but, when he talks about exclusive salvation, he knows not what he is saying. Exclusive salvation, under certain modifications, must be a Christian doctrine; or those who deny it must admit that a Redeemer was not required. We call upon the friends of religion to stop this cant about 'exclusive salvation.' Once you admit that there is no such thing, you must push the argument a little further; and where will you find the necessity of atonement? Exclusive salvation has been, and is, the doctrine of all religions on the earth. It is the first and most essential article in every creed; and Mr. Blanco White believes that salvation is or is not in the Church of Rome. If he does believe that he could be saved by performing his duties in St. Ferdinand's Chapel, we ask him why abandon his country, friends, kindred, and religion? He cannot answer this question without

The following extract from the venerable Bishop of Norwich's speech on the Catholic petition, in 1808, is the best answer that can be given to such cavillers as Blanco White:—

With respect to the religious tenets of the Catholics of the present day, it is not a little singular, my lords, that we will not allow them to know what their religious tenets are. We call upon them for their creed, upon some very important points, and they give it us without reserve: but, instead of believing what they say, we refer them, with an air of controversial triumph, to the Councils of Constance or Thoulouse, to the fourth Lateran Council, or to the Council of Trent. In vain they explicitly and most solemnly aver that they hold no tenet whatsoever incompatible with their duties, either as men or as subjects, or in any way burtful to the government under which they live: in vain they publish declaration upon declaration, in all of which they most unequivocally disavow those highly exceptionable tenets which are imputed to them; and not only do they disavow, but they express their abhorrence of

acknowledging himself guilty of that intolerance which he attributes to others; or, what is worse, that a love of truth was not his only motive for taking upon himself the duties of a Church of England parson.

'As the danger which threatens this country,' says he, in his dedication, 'in the admission of Roman Catholic legislators, depends entirely upon their religious sincerity, I shall not have troubled the public in vain if either I can convince the conscientious of the papal communion that a Roman Catholic cannot honestly do his duty as a member of the British Parliament without moral guilt, or, what I ardently wish, my arguments should open their eyes to the errors of their church.'

On this passage the author of the pamphlet remarks—

'The former part of the sentence proves Mr. Blanco's ignorance of the question, the whole of which turns upon a comparison of the danger of admitting the Catholics with that of excluding them. The probable danger attending the first is, that at the very most one hundred Catholics may sit in the House of Commons, and fifty in the House of Lords, who would always be outvoted in any attempt to further the cause of their own religion; and with whom no other religious party in the House, either Unitarian, Sceptic, or Church-of-England man (as Mr. Blanco should be able from his own experience to tell), would ever find it his interest to Perhaps Mr. Blanco is not coalesce. aware of this: I admire his talents too much not to be desirous of attributing all his faults rather to want of knowledge than want of virtue. The British Catholics, whom he always talks of as equal to the Irish, are so inconsiderable in point of numbers, that though they boast some of the noblest and wealthiest families in this kingdom, I much question whether a dozen of them would be found able to procure seats in the House of Commons. And with these still more than with the Irish, religion is but a point of honour, which they are the more cound to adhere to, the higher the penalties are on its pre-

We do not like these remarks the less because they have been borrowed

from our pages; and, as they are conclusive, we now proceed from the political part of Mr. Blanco's book to that portion of it which is devoted to scandal.\* The following extracts, however, must suffice:—

' Of monks and friars I know comparatively little, because the vague suspicions, of which even the most pious Spanish parents cannot divest themselves, prevented my frequenting the interior of monasteries during boyhood. My own judgment, and the general disgust which the prevailing grossness and vulgarity of the regulars, create in those who daily see them, kept me subsequently away from all friendly intercourse with the cowled tribes; but of the secular clergy, and the amiable life-prisoners of the church of Rome, few, if any, can possess a more intimate knowledge than myself.'-P. 129.

'A more blameless, ingenuous, religious set of youths than that in the enjoyment of whose friendship I passed the best years of my life, the world cannot boast of. Eight of us, all nearly of the same age, lived in the closest bond of affection, from sixteen till one-and-twenty; and four, at least, continued in the same intimacy till that of about thirty-five. Of this knot of friends not one was tainted by the breath of gross vice till the church had doomed them to a life of celibacy, and turned the best affections of their hearts into crime.'—P. 130, 131.

Such, more or less, has been the fate of my early friends, whose minds and hearts were much above the common standard of the Spanish clergy. What, then, need I say of the vulgar crowd of priests, who, coming, as the Spanish phrase has it, from coarse swaddling-clothes, and raised by ordination to a rank of life for which they have not been prepared, mingle vice and superstition, grossness of feeling, and pride of office, in their character? I have known the best among them: I have heard their confessions; I have heard the confessions of young persons of both sexes, who fell under the influence of their suggestions and example; and I do declare that nothing can be more dangerous to youthful virtue than their company. How many souls would be saved from crime, but for the vain display of pretended superior virtue, which

them: in vain they confirm these declarations by an oath—an oath, my lord, framed by ourselves, drawn up with all possible care and caution, and couched in terms as strong as language affords.'

• Mr. Blanco is not the only 'renegade Spanish papist' who has dealt in this species of smut. One Michael Montanneo Montserrat, an apostate, published, in 1633, a book entitled 'Aviso sobre los Abusos de la Iglesia Romana,' in which the poor nuns are treated very ungallantly.

Rome demands of her clergy.'-P. 133,

The picture of female convents requires a more delicate pencil: yet I cannot find tints sufficiently dark and gloomy to pourtray the miseries which I have witnessed in their inmates. Crime, indeed, makes its way into those recesses, in spite of the spiked walls and prison grates, which protect the inhabitants. This I know with all the certainty which the self-accusation of the guilty can give.—P. 135.

It is in vain to reason with a man who thus unblushingly publishes his own shame; but we cannot refrain from noticing his inconsistency. The Spanish youth are all virtuous until they are twenty-one-they are attracted in hundreds, from the purest and most pious motives, to enter the Church, and then they become all vicious infidels. Mr. White makes no exceptions respecting either laymen or ecclesiastics. If, as he tells us with peculiar delicacy, boys are deterred from going within the precincts of a monastery, how comes it that so many youths become monks? and, if the debauchery of priest, is so notorious, how comes it that so many virtuous youths are candidates for holy orders? If laymen and ecclesiastics are all atheists, how comes it that all young men at twenty-one are such good Christians?

We are quite willing to admit that, where religion is part and parcel of the State, all clergymen will not be the most virtuous of men; but no man but John Bull would believe Mr. Blanco White's exaggerated statements.

Adam Smith has laid it down as a rule, and no man can dispute it, that the majority of mankind will instantly revolt against luxurious and immoral religious teachers; and that they are never attached to any but austere and pious ones. The history of the world proves the truth of these observations; and, when we are told that the priests in Spain are grossly immoral, and that the people are ruled by them, two things are stated which never can exist at the same time. That the bulk of the people are attached to them, the event of the late revolution proves; and that the monks deserved this attachment, Mr. Townsend, a Protestant, bears testimony. We have no doubt that court bishops in Spain, as well as elsewhere, may be bad men; but let no man tell us that the whole clergy are scandalous and impious wretches, while they enjoy the confidence of the To say that their vices are people. private is nonsense: a whole body of men could never commit such practices as Mr. Blanco attributes to them with impunity; and the very allusion to secrecy proves that they would not be endured in public. We abhor the inquisition and despotism as much or more than Blanco; but our dislikings shall never blind us to truth.

### THE SCOTCH PEASANTRY.

In our endeavour to relieve Ireland from imputed degradation we have been encountered by a host of prejudices. We have been asked, Can all the world be wrong respecting the misery and ignorance of the Irish peasantry? or can we dispute the many instances of distress which from time to time are presented to the eye of the philanthropist? We answer that distress is not local—that it is to be found in every country as well as in Ireland, and this we are prepared to prove. An abundance of letters now lie before us, from persons of distinction residing in Ireland, thanking us for the light we have thrown upon the subject, and furnishing us Vol. I.—No. 8.

with new proofs of the propositions we have laid down. Of these we shall make the proper use by-and-by, for we pledge ourselves to turn the current of public opinion on this most important question. We do not stand alone; and, even if we did, we can see nothing to deter us: erroneous opinions gather strength by time, and those who are prepossessed in behalf of a favourite theory easily collect facts in proof of what they are inclined to believe. Thus Sir Matthew Hale hanged witches by scores; and Blackstone asserts that they did exist. Nay, Bishop Jewel, in a sermon, addressed his sovereign as follows:- 'It may please your grace to understand that

witches and sorcerers have wonderfally increased; these eyes have seen most evident marks of their wickedness. Your Grace's subjects pine away even unto death: their colour fadeth, their flesh rotteth; their speech be removed, and their senses bereft. Wherefore your poor subjects petition that the laws, touching such malefactors, may be put in execution

for such horrible doings.'\*

Here we see a bishop assert that there were exterior proofs of the existence of witchcraft, and we all know now that there was no such thing: we know that no one either pined unto death or lost their speech, and yet the world believed then that they did. This proves that popular opinion has been, and may be, wrong; and we do believe, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, that the poor man can procure the means of subsistence as well in Ireland as in any other country on the globe. We shall do more than assert this; we shall prove it. Example is better than precept, and we shall, therefore, proceed to lay before our readers the real condition of the peasantry in every country in Europe. Our authorities shall be indisputable; and we begin near home-with the next parish, as Paddy would say-with Scotland. Yes, reader, in Sawney's boasted country you will find quite as much ignorance, wretchedness, and misery, as can exist in Ireland. In proof of our inclination to state nothing but facts, we shall make no comments; and our extracts shall be taken from the work of a Scotchman -from 'The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, &c. &c. by John Macculloch, M.D. F.R.S. L.S. G.S. &c. &c. &c. This is not the Ricardo Lecturer: but we can assure our readers that he is a much better authority; for he is a philosopher, a scholar, and a philanthropist. To begin with our extracts : and, first-

albane, which had suffered as severely from the blasts of Ben Lawers as the great Sir Colin's could possibly have done in the holy wars. What was of more value, it contained excellent port wine. We reconcile ourselves to our fate, and nestle, without grumbling, in a "good black house," or even in the worst black house that ever was flead off the common, when we are travelling in a land of black houses: and there we hail the "sclate house" as we should the house of that very civil gentleman at Newark, of whom honourable mention is made in Kenilworth. But, in a land of white slate houses, Peter Mac Naughton's house did look very black indeed. Still blacker looked the truly Augean stable, in which cows and horses had been indiscriminately sojourning together, without even a hint from shovel or broom, since immemorial time. Was there any hay? Yes, rushes. Corn? Yes, in the sheaf, or growing in the field. Any ropes, to tether the cows, and to prevent them from tickling the Saxon horse with the ends of their sharp Highland horns? But what were all these wants when balanced against the good humour, and activity, and contrivance of Peter Mac Naughton, and his wife and his two tall daughters? In a trice they "shooled the gruip" clean as ever did Hercules; and Mrs. Mac Naughton produced her best blankets and whitest sheets, and every body did every thing that could possibly be done for the stranger's accommodation. I declare I would have slept, like the bride in the song, without blankets or sheets either, and my gallant chestnut should have lain in the embraces of the Highland cows,

rather than I would have left Peter's

house, to have insulted its blackness and

his poverty. It was his only fault; and,

whatever his house may be. Yet that is a

pattern house too: for it is a pattern of

what is here called a "kind of a white

house;" a species, of which I remember

another, performing the same office, in

Glen Roy. I have had occasion to notice

the generic difference, between a black house and a white house, elsewhere: but

the former has its species. The genuine

pure black house is built entirely of turf;

walls and roof: it is a "good black house" when the roof is of thatch. The true white

house consists of masonry and slate, as all

the world knows; but the beteroclite

"kind of white house," is covered with

thatch, and, what is much more essential.

possesses a chimney. But Peter's house

was decorated with a cognizance of Bread-

\* In consequence of this sermon the laws against witches were put in force, and for a century after nothing was heard but the hanging and drowning of unhappy wretches, to whom witcheraft was imputed.

'AN INN.

'Whenever you may be tempted to ascend Ben Lawers, I recommend you to Peter Mac Naughton's inn. Not merely because it is convenient, but because of Peter himself, who is a pattern Highlander,

have a better house to manage to-morrow. He seemed ashamed both of it and of himself, and looked surprised when I had settled myself to remain. Nor did I take my leave of it and him, till I had convinced him that, as his poverty but not his will consented, so it was my time and not my repugnance to his house that drove me from him.

' English travellers are apt to complain that they do not meet with this species of Highlander; and it cannot be denied that a different one is somewhat more prominent; as is always the case where merit and demerit compete for notice. But he may be found by those who choose to seek him: and I fear that, if he is often spoiled, we have only ourselves to blame, and that in more ways than one. In ascending Ben Lawers I had met with a young shepherd boy, who eventually proved to be Peter's son. I asked him to accompany me, for the sake of conversation, and, when about to part, offered him a shilling. This he refused: but it was forced on him, and, in so doing, I am sure I did wrong; for it is likely that he will never refuse one again, and will possibly end by demanding five. Certainly he will never ascend the hill again with a stranger without expecting a reward: and if he does not receive it, he will be disappointed. I have probably taught him to sell the civility which he was accustomed to give. It is thus that Englishmen assist in corrupting the Highlanders, as they have long since corrupted each other: by an ostentatious display of that wealth which, to a genuine Englishman, is the substitute for all the virtues; nay, is virtue itself. The condition of society is wrong where every thing has its price; when even the common charities of life, the friendly intercourse of man with man, is matter of barter and sale.

ANOTHER INN.

'I wish I could speak of the inns at Callander as I have spoken of that at Dollar; but it is a mixed world, inns and all, and we must take it as it comes. I mistook the golden head over the door for that of Galen or Hippocrates: if it is not yours, it ought to be; for the owner is certainly more indebted to you than to either of these worthies, or to any merits of his own, for his practice. All the varnish of this inn is insufficient to varnish its defects: from the stable to the kitchen, and the kitchen to the parlour, and the parlour to the bed-room; wants of all kinds, except of pride and negligence; and of bells, which, the more you ring, the more nobody will come. But what is this to John MacPherson's inn, to which you may go if you please, and whither, possibly, you may be compelled to go? It is a

genuine specimen of the Maclarty species; and is indeed so generic, that it will serve, as well as Tyndrum or any other, for a model of what this kind of hostelry is and

may be.
When you hear Pe-ggy called, as if the first vowel was just about to thaw, like Sir John Mandeville's story, and when you hear Pe-ggy answer co-ming, you must not prepare to be impatient, but recollect that motion cannot be performed without time. If you are wet, the fire will be lighted by the time you are dry; at least if the peat is not wet too. The least if the peat is not wet too. smoke of wet peat is wholesome : and, if you are not used to it, they are, which is the same thing. There is neither poker nor tongs; you can stir it with your umbrella: nor bellows; you can blow it, unless you are asthmatic: or, what is better still, Peggy will fan it with her petticoat. " Peggy, is the supper coming?" In time comes mutton, called chops, then mustard, by and-by a knife and fork; successively, a plate, a candle, and salt. When the mutton is cold, the pepper arrives, and then the bread, and lastly the whisky. The water is reserved for the second course. It is good policy to place these various matters in all directions, because they conceal the defects of Mrs. Maclarty's table-cloth. By this time the fire is dying; Peggy waits till it is dead, and then the whole process of the peats and the petticoat is to be gone over again. It is all in vain. "Is the bed ready?" By the time you have fallen asleep once or twice, it is ready. When you enter, it is damp: but how should it be dry in such a climate? The blankets feel so heavy that you expect to get warm in time. Not at all: they have the property of weight, without warmth : though there is a fulling-mill at Kilmahog. You awaken at two o'clock; very cold, and find that they have slipped over on the You try to square them again, but such is their weight that they fall on the other side; and, at last, by dint of kicking and pulling, they become irremediably entangled, sheets and all; and sleep flies, whatever King Henry may think, to take refuge in other beds and other blankets.

'It is vain to try again, and you get up five. Water being so contemptibly at five. common, it is probable that there is none present: or, if there is, it has a delicious flavour of stale whisky: so that you may almost imagine the Highland rills to run grog. There is no soap in Mrs. Maclarty's house. It is prudent also to learn to shave without a looking-glass; because, if there is one, it is so furrowed and striped and striated, either cross-wise, or perpendicularly, or diagonally, that, in consequence of what Sir Isaac Newton might call its fits of irregular reflection and transmission, you cut your nose if it distorts you one way, and your ear if it protracts you in the opposite direction. The towel being either wet or dirty, or both, you wipe yourself in the moreen curtains, unless you prefer the sheets. When you return to your sitting-room, the table is covered with glasses, and mugs, and circles of dried whisky and porter. The fireplace is full of white ashes: you labour to open a window, if it will open, that you may get a little of the morning air; and there being no sash-line, it falls on your fingers, as it did on Susanna's. Should you break a pane, it is of no consequence, as it will never be mended again. The clothes which you sent to be washed are brought up wet; and those which you sent to be dried, smoked.

You now become impatient for the breakfast; and, as it will not arrive, you go into the kitchen to assist in making the kettle boil. You will not accelerate this: but you will see the economy of Mrs. Maclarty's kitchen. The kettle, an inch thick, is hanging on a black crook in the smoke, not on the fire, likely to boil tomorrow. If you should be near a forest, there is a train of chips lying from the fire-place to the wood-corner, and the landlady is busy, not in separating the two, but in picking out any stray piece that seems likely to be lighted before its turn comes. You need not ask why the houses do not take fire: because it is all that the fire itself can do, with all its exertions. Round this fire are a few oatcakes, stuck on edge in the ashes to dry; perhaps a herring: and on the floor, at hand, are a heap or two of bed-clothes, a cat, a few melancholy fowls, a couple of black dogs, and perchance a pig, or more; with a pile of undescribables, consisting of horse collars, old shoes, petticoats, a few dirty plates and horn spoons, a kilt, possibly a bagpipe, a wooden beaker, an empty gill and a pint stoup, a water bucket, a greasy candlestick, a rake, a spinning-wheel, two or three frowsy fleeces, and a shepherd's plaid, an iron pot full of potatoes, a never-washed milk-tub, some more potatoes, a griddle, a threelegged stool, and heaven and earth know what more. All this time, two or three naked children are peeping at you out of some unintelligible recess, perchance contesting with the chickens and the dogs for the fire, while Peggy is sitting over it unsnooded: one hand in her head, and the other no one knows where, as she is wondering when the kettle will not boil; while, if she had a third, it might be employed on the other two. But enough of Mrs. Maclarty and her generation; for

I am sure you can have no inclination to partake with me of the breakfast, which will probably be ready in two hours.

CLEANLINESS. But it would be unjust to censure the Highlanders for their inattention to cleanliness, as if it was exclusively the fault of this portion of Scotland. Where Mrs. Hamilton's Glenburnie lies, no one knows; but we need not be very anxious, as we can find a Glenburnie every where, and, assuredly, as easily in the Lowlands as in the Highlands. The Maclartys are an ancient and a powerful family; I wish I could add that it was an antiquated one also; but I fear that it is still a thriving race. If it was but possible to prevail on this family to have one thing, but one thing, clean about them, the rest would follow of course. If it was their persons, then their houses would soon become clean, as a necessary consequence: or if it was their houses, their persons would probably follow, for the sake of uniformity. If but the water or the salt was clean, if there was a clean spoon, a knife, a plate, if there was even a clean surface on a looking-glass, it would detect the vices of the rest so effectually, that, like one sturdy honest man in a parish, it would in time reform, or at least shame, the whole. But unfortunately, in this family of the Maclartys, every thing is so consistently, constantly, uniformly, perenially, dirty in every part, inside, outside, top, bottom, middle, sides, longitudinally, transversely, and diagonally, that no article, nor any part of any article, is left to tell the tale on another, or to blush it into reform. Were I the Dey of Algiers, or a Highland Laird, I would enhance even on Lord Gwydir, and keep an officer of health, with power to wash Mr. and Mrs. Maclarty and all their family by force, or to fumigate them like rats, and, in default of ultimate reformation, to burn them out.

BAREFOOTED PEOPLE.

'It is extremely rare to see a man barefooted; and even that only happens on some specific occasions, not habitually in any individual; but it is equally rare to see women with shoes, except when in full dress, on Sundays, or on the borders of the Lowlands. Even among females, however, their use is fast creeping in; but the children of both sexes are bare-legged even to an advanced age, not only among the poorer classes, but also in families of condition. It is not long since domestic female servants, even in Edinburgh, as you well know, paddled about their duties unshod: the fashion is still to be found by those who will seek it, and it must be confessed that it is somewhat repulsive to southern feelings. But out of doors, and in the Highlands, it adds much to the general picturesque effect of the female attire, which consists of a short jacket and shorter petticoat; and, as the limbs of the fair sex here are well turned, far different from those of the Welsh women, which seem as if they had been shaped in a lathe, a painter will be sorry for the day when the progress of improvement shall have swept away this distinction. I cannot equally praise the mode of dressing the hair; the smoothed locks of all hues, drawn tightly back so as to stretch the face till it shines, and secured by a huge black comb, form a termination to the general effect of the figure which is far from picturesque. In the Long Island, chiefly, though it is found elsewhere, there is a head-dress consisting of a dirty-coloured handkerchief tied round the head; the effect of which is even worse than that of the comb or snood, as there is no attempt to give it a pleasing form. But enough, for the present, of tailoring and millinery. 'EXTORTION.

'It was on my last visit to Glenco that I formed the courageous resolution of exploring this almost unknown spot; unjustly, perhaps, neglected, since it might form an easy connexion between the central Highlands and the Western Sea. If you know how you may breakfast at Tyanuilt, why slould I not also tell you how you may hire a horse in Glenco? I had taken the precaution of engaging mine on the preceding evening, and it was promised by six in the morning; the distance to Rannoch being called twenty miles; a day's journey. The price for the horse and guide was two guineas; which, for one day's ride upon a Highland pony with two shoes, whose value was five pounds, and whose annual keep was nothing, while the usual day labour of the guide was a shilling, should have satisfied even a Glenco conscience. The same sum would have procured a chaise and a man and two horses, for the same distance, or more, at London or York; but Donald, no longer able to make a creagh on Saxon cows, must now, he seems to think, compensate for it by a creagh on a Saxon purse. In the morning, the equipage, of course, was not to be found; as the horse had slept on the hill, and was to be caught, not before six, but after nine, and was then to be shod, and saddled, and haltered; and as the shoes were to be made, the saddle to be borrowed from some one two or three miles off, and the halter from some one else. There is a pleasing prospect in all these cases, a train of pithy reflections, by which you amuse the hours of waiting: calculating, at every hour that passes, in which of all the coming bogs you are to spend the night, on which mountain you

will break your neck, or in which ford be drowned: knowing that the longest day is too short—knowing that even the Sun himself could not perform the journey in view in less than the time you have allotted for it.

After walking three miles in search of the horse, and waiting seven hours, he was found: but it was plain to see that, even then, all was not right: Sandy Macdonald "could not leave his harvest today," though he was paid for it. Let no man imagine that he understands the true nature of patience till he has made a Highland tour, on Highland ponies, and in Highland boats. I agreed to go on alone, and sleep at the King's house, to wait for his convenience. As usual, we were to start the next morning at six: but the Highland six—to-day it was only nine. Even then, though the horse was ready, the man was not.

At five o'clock, the guide, the patient, and the horse, found themselves, severally, at the head of the lake; having spent eight hours of hard labour in traversing twelve miles, as it is called. As to the horse, he might as well have remained at Glenco. A ride this was not, by any figure of speech: I cannot even call it a walk; for half the space was traversed by jumping over bogs, and holes, and ditches, and pits, which were generally so wide as to demand much serious meditation. I may fairly say that I jumped half the way from Glenco to Loch Rannoch.

As our trio proceeded in such a saltatory and disjointed manner, I had not much opportunity of talk with Mr. Macdonald; but, if he thought he had caught a Saxon, I knew full well that I had caught a Highland Tartar. He talked of his harvest, and of the favour he did me by coming, and of the time he should lose in returning; with much more that, I well knew, was, in no long time, to lead to some demand beyond his bargain. This, however, was a point not to be argued in a bog; I hoped that it would be reserved for terra firma. On terra firma we at length found ourselves; some whisky and a supper were ordered as an extra gratuity, and the two guineas were presented, with all imaginable thanks in addition. " I shall lose another day of the harvest," said Sandy Macdonald, " and I expect ye'll give me another guinea." I could only request him to excuse me, as he had named his own price, and as two guineas was not a bad exchange for the two shillings he would have gained by his harvest. He remained inflexible: no, did not remain any thing; but became insolent. At length, finding his eloquence unavailing, "Then you maun give me aght shillings for carrying your umbrella." The knave had carried this in his hand for a few miles, at his own desire. I went up stairs. In a minute, however, he was at the door, swearing that he would stay there all night, that I should have no supper, and that I should not stir till he was paid all his demand. Accordingly, I betook myself to my little Horace; listening to much objurgation and vituperation, both in Gaelic and English: the former having a very ferocious sound, but being, fortunately, a dead letter. But finding, after an hour, that he made no impres ion on Saxon obstinacy, he at length consoled himself by saying that I was not a gentleman, but that he would take the money. I assured him that he was right, that I was not a gentleman, but an informer, and that, instead of paying him, I would lodge an information against him for letting horses on hire without a license. I had learned this expedient from your friend and mine, Daniell, who bad been driven to it on similar occasions. I thank thee, Daniell, for teaching me that word; for it was an astounding and an unexpected blow: and, like oil on the stormy sea in the Naufragium of Erasmus, it caused the rage of the mountaineer to fall at once to a moderate level; but not till after he had protested that he had been once ruined already by an information, and would be ruined again rather than submit to a Sassanach. I need not tell you that the man got his money and departed, vowing revenge against the next Saxon who should fall into his clutches. It is not very wonderful that travellers in the Highlands call the people extortioners: for, in the matter of horses, you will find nearly the same wherever you go.

'IDLENESS. In one respect, Fort William possesses the distinguishing marks of a capital: idleness. This is precisely the consequence which the Highlanders themselves say is produced by the building of Highland villages. Perhaps it is more conspicuous because more condensed; while social or gregarious idleness is more prominent than the solitary doing of nothing; being active instead of passive. It is the agere nihil instead of the nihil agere. To lounge about the streets, impede the way, and to be busily and offensively idle, is a Scottish fashion: and to those, therefore, who are well acquainted with the High Street or the Gallowgate, Fort William will not appear very new. To Londoners it may be new to see the single street of which it consists crowded with idle men walking about with their hands in their pockets, or collected in groups to yawn together or converse in monosyllables; except when roused to louder talk

by an occasional sojournment to a whisky. house. Even the rain of Fort William has no effect on these coteries, which stand under the torrents that are showering down on them, unheeding, undiscomposed; less concerned than the very ducks, which quack remonstrance against the sky, and not even retiring into their own ever-open doors. My very guide, whose respect and confidence the compass had secured, lamented the bad example and the want of employment, complained that his own morals were in danger, and was willing to attend me for any thing or nothing, if he could but escape from Fort William. BOATS.

As to the hiring of boats in the Highlands, it is at their weight in gold nearly. Putting aside hyperbole, however, three days' freight will pay the value of any boat that swims, if swimming it can be called, half full of water, as is the fashion on the west coast. The half of a board, shoved into the angle of the sharp stern, serves to remind you that there is no seat. As there is no floor, your feet are in the water to the ancles: the remains of the fish that were caught on the day it was first launched are there still; odorous, but not of violets. A man without a coat, and a boy without breeches, pull upon a couple of oars hung on pins : pretty hard, I admit, if the machinery is new; but if old, as is more likely, there is danger of their breaking, and you sit in terror; for what is a two-oared boat with only one oar? If, unfortunately, there is wind, and a sail, that sail is a blanket, without sheet, haulyard, or tack, and you must steer as well as you can, yourself, with one of the oars. If the wind is short, you go all to leeward and nothing forward: if baffling, you are taken aback and overset: if aft, you cannot scud, and are pooped and swamped; or else your sail gibes beyond the power of art to prevent it, and down you go like cormorants before a musket. Supposing you escape, you must pay a guinea, or two, as it happens; that is, if you have made such a bargain. If not, and you are sulky, and of true English blood, you go before the justice: like a travelling poet whom I once met. The justice was the landlord, and he said, "Ah! poor fellow-it is hard work :"-and the two guineas served to pay the rent when term day came round. Such at least was this poet's conclusion. But the poet reasoned like the jockey. The fares are often regulated. And there are boatmen too whom I have paid with pleasure.

'If boats are thus, what shall we say about horses? The value of the beast is five pounds: his annual grass, possibly as many shillings; commonly, no-

thing. If he has any shoes, there are but two, and he is not, perhaps, much accustomed even to these. Halter or bridle, it is tolerably indifferent which; but the halter is the softest in your hand. I have ridden on a quadrupled sack, and the stirrups were two nooses of rope. This is perhaps better than a saddle with the flaps curled upwards, which has undergone all the vicissitudes of rain and fire for twenty years; an application which neither man nor horse can bear long. This Bucephalus was hired for the day, and you rose to mount him at six. He was in the hill, however; was chased for a dozen or two of miles before he could be caught; arrived at two o'clock, blown, and more ready to lie down than go on; and you pay half a guinea, or a guinea, as it may be, for crawling out the remainder of a rainy day on him. The guide, who earns a shilling if he stays at home, that is, if he can find one to earn, will not walk by your side to bring him back, without another half guinea; and, for less than all this, you might have ridden one of Mr. Fozard's best hunters to Epsom races.

'It seems to me that their neighbours the English, and not seldom ourselves also, commit an error, of which the consequences are more important than they at first appear, when they attribute the superior morality of the Scots in general, to education. This opinion, taken as an undisputed fact, has been one of the great arguments lately brought forward in favour of popular education; as if that alone would redress all the evils to be remedied, or as if the mere act of learning to read, would (I do not speak it nationally) convert an Englishman into a Scotchman.

\* It does not require much consideration to see that this notion is unfounded. I will not, and indeed I need not ask, what it really is which renders the national morality of Scotland superior to that of England: though there would be very little difficulty in assigning the causes. Yet there has been a good deal of exaggeration and mis-statement on this subject. England, never touchy about its national character, and always bearing censure with the greatest good humour, has suffered the remark to pass so long, that it is now received as a demonstrated truth. It is very far indeed from being that.

\* I doubt much whether, abstracting, as we are in justice bound to do, all that which constitutes the real difference between London and Edinburgh, the immorality of the latter is not equal, perhaps greater, than that of the former, regard being also had, numerically, to the inhabitants. Nor must it be forgotten, that, in the non-manufacturing English districts,

which affer the only fair comparison with Scotland, there is as little exertion of the criminal laws required as in that country. Wales, among others, which, for this purpose, may fairly be considered as England, presents as may maiden assizes as even the Highlands. Let us not also forget, though I do not pretend to assign the cause, that, in the latter country, much of this vice and crime has been overlooked. It is acknowledged, and was never indeed denied, that many hundred sheep were stolen, within a few years, in the former, not distant, condition of Sutherland. Yet not a single prosecution took place. Had twenty been stolen in Kent, they would have led to as many transportations.

EDUCATION. 'If this presumed superior morality of Scotland depended on education merely, how are we to explain why that great mass of Highlanders, which has been hitherto deprived of this advantage, should be fully on a par in this respect, to say no less, with their countrymen of the Lowlands. It must be obvious also to every one, for it is too lamentably plain to be denied, that the national morality of Scotland is rapidly declining, while its education is rather increasing than diminishing. The causes of this also are sufficiently obvious; but as I need not enter into them, I shall only request those who have adopted this theory with regard to Scotland and England respectively, to reconsider a subject on which we cannot trifle with impunity. It has also been far too little considered. during the heat of this question, what the different effects are which education produces on a rural and a dispersed population, and on one which is condensed in towns and manufactories. It is most important to reflect on the different destination, or consequences, of education in these two cases, and on the addition which the power of reading may make to those evils which seem almost necessarily to flow from the condensation of the lower Poison and honey may both be extracted from the same flower by different agents; and it is a melancholy reflection, that when we have enabled the people, in these cases, to read their Bibles, that becomes, perhaps, the only book which they will never open.

'MISERY.

Close on the margin of the shore, on a spot of waste green, was a but, built of open wicker work; pervious to all the winds, and ill protected from the rain by an imperfect covering of turf. On entering it, we found a poor woman cooking some shell fish over a peat fire, attended by two children. On the floor, scarcely covered by a wretched supply of blankets, lay the husband, sick, of a fever as we

were informed; but, except this bedding and the cooking apparatus, there did not seem to be an article of furniture in the hut. In England, were such a thing possible, a spectator would have been much more affected with such a display of wretchedness; but here, he becomes not only accustomed to it, but is also aware that the condition of these poor people is not so very widely different as it seems to be, from that which, however miserable to the eyes of a stranger, is, in this country, the usual state of life. Accordingly, they seemed to bear it with patience, as part of the common order of things; making no complaints, and asking neither for pity nor relief. For myself, I must however own, that it gave me much greater pain than ordinary complaining misery ever did in any situation; and perhaps for this very reason, that it was attended by no complaints. Why the sight of that misery which is insensible to its own wretchedness, should be more painful than that of suffering united to the bitter consciousness of it, is not very difficult to explain. In contemplating the individual, we are struck with reflecting on what must have been endured before it could have produced such insensibility; or, when we see that such things are borne as if they were the necessary condition of human life, we sicken at reflecting that its situations should be so unequal. But, after all, we ought to console ourselves, as far as we can, by recollecting that this very insensibility is a palliation, at least, if not a blessing. We found, on inquiry, that, having been ejected from their farm, and having no other resource, they had been suffered by a neighbouring farmer to build their hut from his woods and to graze their only cow upon his waste; and thus, with the assistance of the shell fish which they caught at low water, and some casual labour, they had contrived to live through that portion of the summer which was past. How the winter was to be surmounted, it was both too easy and too painful to imagine.

GARDENING. 'I can venture to say that there is not a garden from Barra Head to the Butt of the Lewis, nor from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Rath. I can most truly assure you that I never saw such a thing, nor even a culinary vegetable of any kind. You might as well seek for a mangosteen as for an onion, a leek, a turnip, or even a cabbage. Whether the Gaelic language has names for such objects, I know not, but the articles themselves are utterly unknown; and I will produce you ten thousand Highlanders who never saw either. When an Englishman hears of Scotch kale and reads songs about cauld kale, and is

asked to sup his kale, he is apt to imagine thas he is arrived in a land of cabbages. Even with respect to the low country, there is more cabbage in one English cottage establishment, than in ten of their kale yards; in the Highlands, "stat no-minis umbra." It must be supposed that broth did once really contain cabbage; whence the term kale continues to be applied, by courtesy, to a mixture of barley and water, or, under circumstances of peculiar wealth, to the same solution with a few scraps of something green, as large as a thumb-nail, swimming about "in gurgite vasto." I once supposed that the poor little people in the Highlands had never heard of gardens and vegetables, and that they might therefore be taught to mend their diet and increase their comforts. But many more examples than this of Pol Ewe demolished my theory.

'It seems odd that reformers like us are always angry because we cannot persuade people to be happy in our way instead of their own. Yet odd as it may be, it is difficult to avoid a feeling of vexation at such neglect as that of this Pol Ewe gentleman, or at seeing the number of poor creatures who are often not able to command even potatoes or bread to their fish. who, at the best, are tied down to an unvarying round of miserable diet, who are often suffering from diseases in consequence of the want of green vegetables, and who, at the same time, by three days' labour in the year, might ensure themselves, without any other expense, an ample supply of articles, equally wholesome, profitable, and agreeable. kitchen gardens are cultivated in this country, nothing can exceed the produce, in goodness; so that the climate offers no objection.

FEUDS.

'It is not uncommon to find that one division of the present race of Highlanders has as little respect for its neighbours as the most prejudiced enemy can have for the whole tribe, though they are all confounded under a common term. This is not an uncommon feeling, in fact, throughout the country at large. In Sky, my friend Campbell, who was an Argyllshire man, was considered by the common people as a foreigner; and, because he was a toreigner, they refused to work for him, plundered his turnips, and persecuted him for his improvements.

'HABITATIONS.

'No human heart can possibly represent a Highland cottage so as to render it a picturesque object. If alone, it is a shapeless pile of stones and turf: if congregated into a town, that looks like a heap of dunghills or peat-stacks. Were it not for the occasional wreath of blue smoke, a

southern traveller would never suspect their presence at a small distance. Hence the unfortunate artist in Highland landscape is deprived of the aid which is elsewhere afforded him by the infinite varieties of rural architecture; of the life and interest which human habitations bestow on a picture; and of that source of contrast and scale of measurement which are afforded by a mixture of the petty works of man with the bold and wild features of Nature.

'In Sutherland, and some other parts of the country, the same roof sometimes covers the cattle and the owners both: as it did in ancient Egypt, in the bright days of Rome, says Juvenal. The entrance is then generally through the cow-house, which is only separated from the dwelling by the well-known partition, the hallan.

DOGS AND PIGS.

'Among the branches of Highland pasturage, the least profitable is the breeding of those abominable black and white collies which seem to have little other occupation than to bark at the heels of horses. If the people would eat them, there might be some excuse. Their diet might almost keep as many children; and, excepting the very few wanted on the sheep farms, there is literally no business for them. Among the small tenants, they lead the lives of gentlemen. Mr. Dent would have performed a humane act if he had taxed them at five guineas a poll. I once saw executed an edict which savoured deeply of oppression, but which I believe was necessary, certainly advantageous. The poor people were positively in want; and the alternative offered, was to quit their farms or execute their dogs. From forty families, I think, there were one hundred and twenty useless animals destroyed.

'Now these good people, who thus liberally entertain guests from which they can derive no benefit, are silly enough to hate or fear pigs as much as if they were Jews or Turks. Here the people of Shetland and Orkney have shown much more good sense. If they choose to persist in dishking pork, or, what is the fact, in not choosing to try whether they like it or not, they might recollect that the animal is saleable under many forms, and that they are under no compulsion to eat their own bacon. Not but what they would soon learn; if we may judge by their emigrants in Canada, to whom salt pork is a daily diet, and who are not long in understanding how to devour it voraciously. A pig is at least as ornamental as a collie; what he devours he will at some day refund, and he has the merit of neither barking nor biting. It is plain that the Highland cottagers could keep them on at least as good terms as the Irish; and it is very desirable Vol. 1.-No. 8.

that a practice which seems to want nothing but an introduction, should be introduced.

'AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS The construction of the ploughs and the harrows is as defective as every thing else, and scarifying and rolling are totally unknown; nor has the hoe and drill system yet been introduced, even for potatoes, except in the hands of a few opulent tenants, who have adopted the Lowland system of farming. In reaping, the sickle is exclusively used; but, considering the necessity of expedition, in a climate so varying, and where labour cannot be purchased, the scythe might often be introduced with advantage. But so little activity is shown in the business of harvesting, urgent as It almost always is, that we need not be surprised at any other kind of neglect. Taking the country altogether, more than half the loss experienced from the autumnal rains, is the consequence of procrastination and indolence. It is often painful to see those crops which form half the support of the people, dead-ripe and blown away by the winds, or drenched in the rain till they are rotten; when, by timely reaping, by getting up at four instead of ten, and by really working instead of lounging about, talking and gazing, the whole might have been saved with the greatest ease.

WOMEN.

' But I must not forget that I did see something, of which the modification was new, although the principle is common. Whether it proves that the Stornowegians think what Mahomet was falsely accused of teaching, namely, that women have no souls, I shall not, on so short an acquaintance, decide. Droves of these animals were collected in the neighbourhood, trudging into the town from the moors, with loads of peat on their backs. The men dig the peat, and the women supply the place of horses; being regularly trained to it. I was also informed that they did actually draw the harrows; but this I did not witness.

Perhaps the division of labour is not indeed very fair here; yet I know not that it is much otherwise. There are no horses; a man cannot dig, and fish, and carry peats all at once, and a family cannot go without fire. The Stornowegian may fairly say with the Italian Orpheus, "Che faro senza Euridice." To be sure, I have seen a great lazy fellow ride his wife across a ford; which, I admit, does not look like civil and polished usage.

'ANIMAL FOOD.

'The proportion of animal food used in this country, taking the whole together, has been generally inconsiderable; but, taking the sea-coasts alone, it has been important, and, from the extension of the system of maritime crofting, has for some time been gradually increasing. Of course, I allude to fish; since, of any other, the Highlanders have little experience. In the great pastoral districts, the mutton of sheep that have died of braxy is generally dried or salted for use; but it is rare that the smaller or general order of tenants can afford to eat their sheep or lambs on any other terms. Sea-birds need scarcely be named; as their use is almost limited to St. Kilda; although there are many other situations where the example of those active people might be followed with advantage.

POTATOES.

'To proceed now to another question connected with the food of the Highlands, it is very evident that the large increase of the population which has been experienced of late, and which is still in progress, has been chiefly the consequence of the introduction of the potatoe; although the better method of occupying lands, the increase of sheep, the diminution of horses, the augmentation of fishing, and some other causes, must be allowed a share in the effect. Whether it has really been doubled in the Western I-lands alone, within sixty years, as has been said, the documents are perhaps insufficient to allow us to judge. Yet, not only has this great and leading effect followed, but the supply of food, which has enabled the people to rear more children, producing this consequence, has also improved their strength and health; since, in a general sense, they are not stinted in the quantity. It is also to be believed that the people have gained in beauty from the same cause; that being very much determined by the sufficient or insufficient supply of food which children get in early life. Better fed children than those of the Highland peasantry there cannot be; and, to the disgrace of England, they are, on the average, in far better and higher condition than the children in large English towns, and where wages are high. The English labourer or manufacturer either starves his family to indulge himself in gin and porter, or else, instead of being fed with a sufficiency of cheap and substantial diet, they are, from false pride, starved on an insufficient proportion of wheaten bread, flesh meat, and tea. Another great advantage has arisen from the potatoe; and this is, that the food of the people is less subject to casualties and failures than when it consisted of grain. Except from early frosts, it seldom suffers; and any very considerable or extensive failures of the Highland potatoe crops have, I believe, never yet occurred. The failure of grain crops, from bad seasons and various causes, still hap-

pens; and formerly, when that was the sole dependence, the effects were serious, and often dreadful, even with a far inferior population. Aucient tales of famine are frequent; and it was under such visitations as these that the people had recourse to the singular and apparently savage expedient, long since abandoned, of bleeding their cattle; the expedient of a starving Arab. Of absolute famine now, there are no examples: but cases very nearly approaching to it have occurred, from the failure of the grain crops. Taking that part of the supply only at a third of all the food, it is plain that a half crop would leave a serious deficiency; and, according to the too common improvidence of the people, perhaps a month of famine. If. in many places, the small tenants are really unable to raise a surplus for contingencies, on account of the want of land, it is also but too true that they are not sufficiently provident against possible failures.

'That something far too nearly approaching to famine does occasionally occur, even at the present day, is too well

known.

FAMINE.

'I visited many cottages here, and found the people living on milk and cockles, without a particle of vegetable matter. In other parts of the country, where this resource was not to be obtained, their sufferings were severe; and although cases of death from mere famine were not said to have occurred, it is too well known that it often produces this effect, by the intervention of the diseases which it generates. At Loch Inver, I was informed that many, even of the young and strong, were confined to their beds from mere debility; and that a shoal of fish having come into the Bay, the men were, literally, unable to row their boats out to take them. Similar distress was experienced in many of the Highland districts, and among the islands, during the same season; but, in general, the maritime inhabitants suffered little, compared to those who had no access to fish, or who happened to be placed in situations where the fisheries were not productive. \*

'These accidents, scarcities approaching to famine, which are now so rare in comparison with former times, offer a sufficient proof of the improvement which the Highlands have undergone; not merely from the introduction of the polatoe, but from the change, so often reprobated by thoughtless and angry persons, which has taken place in the whole system of Highland tenantry.'

Having now seen how they manage things in the Highlands, we shall byand-by see if they are much better off in the Lowlands.

#### TALES OF LOW LIFE.

By Thomas Furlong, Author of 'Plagues of Ireland,' &c.

The following sketch is the first of a series intended to illustrate, in some degree, the wrongs, the habits, and the hardships of the Irish poor: to the affluent, as well as to the indigent, they are directly addressed; to both they may probably prove not entirely useless. The general simplicity of the diction may lead some of my readers to think that, in these sketches, I have selected Wordsworth as a model: this, indeed, is not the case. I happen to class myself among his admirers; but I have no wish to be marked out as one of his imitators. If the 'Lyrical Ballads' had never appeared, I should still have followed my present course; giving to the different characters introduced a turn of thinking, and a mode of expression, suited to their situations in life. I felt at first inclined to draw upon that interesting publication, 'The Tales of Irish Life,' for a few characters or incidents: on looking through the work, however, I abandoned the idea. I could not add to the effect already produced: what has been admirably done in prose, I might, in all probability, spoil by a metrical transposition. This thought restrained me.

### THE WIDOW'S STORY.

I left my friends their game to play,
I left them their last glass to take;
I loved them, but I could not stay
Still drinking for their sake:
The sun was bright, the sky was fair,
I longed to breathe the evening air.

I longed to feel the gentle breeze
Play softly o'er my wearied brow;
I longed to walk beneath the trees,
And gaze at ease on bud and bough:
A book was in my pocket thrown,
And forth, at once, I went alone.

Not long upon my way I'd been,
When close before me I descried
A little hut, all low and mean,
The lowliest I had ever seen:
It was upon the bare road-side.
Two walls (of heavy yellowish mud,
Mixed thick with rotten straw)

Rose from within the open dyke—
Up high against the ditch they stood;
And sticks, half-broken and half-grown,
Across, with careless hand, were thrown;
And over these lay many a scraw;
In all my walks I never saw

Before, or since, the like.

Some withered leaves were thrown about
Upon the damp and chilly floor;
And, in the clear warm sun without,
Stood a large flag—it was the door:
The only door this den of clay

The only door this den of clay
Had got, to keep the wind away!

Forth from this hut, on bended knee,
There crawled a woman, weak and old;
And of grief and pain, and poverty,
A moving tale she told.

For two long days, or more, she said, She had but one small taste of bread; She sat for hours in the cold air,
And got but one poor penny there:
The meal was scarce, potatoes high,
And she might soon lie down and die.
'Oh! God,' she cried, 'there was a time
When I have thought it was a crime
To let the helpless, or the poor,
Pass without something from my door.
Heaven knows I had not much to share,
But still I was not close or hard;

I gave whatever I could spare,
And where, oh! where, is my reward?
Oh! in such times I never thought—

I had but little notion then—
That to the road I should be brought,
Or left to rot within this den:
Ay, or of asking charity
From brutes who only laugh at me.
But let God's name be ever blest,
It is his will—He knows the best.'

'But how,' said I, 'came you to be In this sad state of poverty?'

'Sir, I once held the cozy farm
That lies upon that green hill's side;
It was not large, but snug and warm;
Indeed it was my pride.
I and my boys, as all can tell,
Did till it, and we tilled it well.
We let no corner go astray,
We picked and planted here and there;
And every one who went the way

Praised and admired us for our care.
I paid my way, from year to year,
And kept from debts and trouble clear,
Till Boney far away was sent;
And then, when corn was not so dear,

I found it hard to make the rent: I fell behind a year or two, And didn't well know what to do.

'My two poor boys worked day and night;
They worked, God knows, with all their might,
And thought their labour sweet;
They took no sport, no fun had they,
They laboured first our debts to pay;
Their shirts were worn, their coats were bad—
In truth, good sir, they hardly had

A stitch upon their feet;
They wanted all demands to meet;
They wished the little farm to clear,
And would have done it in a year.

'Just then that Rock began his trade
Of murdering, burning, and of riot;
And acts on acts, you know, were made
To keep the people quiet.
For me, I felt quite easy then,
For my two boys, though nearly men,
Were never known to rake or roam
At night—they always stayed at home;

And, when our little meal was done, Talked until sleeping-time came on.

'One night they left me all alone;
They went but half a mile away,
To see a man they long had known,
That on his death-bed lay.
I knew that there they wouldn't wait,
To keep their mother sitting late;
Still, for the time, some care I had,
Though wondering what could make me sad.

'And how, indeed, could I be gay,
Upon that weary woeful night?
My boys were back upon their way,
The house was in their sight:
When on their rounds the night-guard came,
And asked their business and their name.
They stayed from home beyond the time,
And this was then a heavy crime.

'For one long month they drooped in gaol:
At last the day of trial came;
And my poor boys stood sad and pale
Within the dock—the dock of shame.
I little, little dreamt that they
Should ever stand in such a way:
I thought I'd never rear a son

That should be placed a moment there;
But Heaven's good will must still be done—
'Tis ours to suffer and to bear.

I searched the Court in doubt and fear,
I looked around with heavy heart,
To see if any friend was near

To take my children's part:
Oh! no, each friend, it was decreed,
Should leave me in the day of need.
One that a character could give
Had lately gone to France to live;
Sick in his bed another lay—
The third to town was called away.
Our lawyer spoke with right intent,

He spoke as well as lawyer could;
But through the place a whisper went
That all he said had done no good.
I looked up to the judges then,

And cried; but no kind look was shown.
Oh! sir, your high-born gentlemen,
In their strange pride and dignity,
Almost appear to think that we
Have not got hearts made like their own!

'No hope remained, no chance I saw—
My boys were sentenced to my face;
I heard their doom, I cursed the law,
And faint and frantic left the place.
In three days more the worst was past—
I met them, and I looked my last;
'Took the last kiss I'll ever get,
For five long years are on them yet;
And low and bare these bones will lie
Before e'en half the time goes by:

Ay! long before they cross the sea, The cold, cold worm will feed on me.

I strove for months to work my way,
I thought to hold the little spot;
But it was close to Lady-day,
And my small rent I couldn't pay,
For all I had the lawyers got.
The landlord came, he made no rout,
But said at once he'd cant me out:
I heard it, and I thought that he
Said this, just then, to frighten me.
But faith, dear sir, he sold me out—

He sold for all the rent I owed;
My little things were tossed about,
And I was turned upon the road.
I begged about my native place,
I asked for shelter far and near;
I saw dislike in every face—
I had no spot to hide my head
Till some good boys built up this shed;

And now at last I'm settled here.'

The creature wept, and wept again,
When her long tale of grief was done;
It moved me much, in age to see
So much of unearned misery:
It was to me a sight of pain,
Sad as I ever looked upon;
I gave the little I could spare,
And left the poor old mourner there.

## MR. ENSOR v. ABSENTEEISM.

From the commencement of our publication we have laboured to explode the erroneous opinions respecting Ireland's discontent; and in the sixth number we have proved that her supposed misery cannot proceed from either the want of local manufactures or the absence of her proprietors. In broaching this doctrine we were of course prepared to expect that our arguments would be disputed. It was not likely that the hereditary opponents of emancipation would consent to have all the evils of Ireland attributed to the political degradation of the people; and, on the other hand, it was not probable that the Catholics them-

favourite topics—absenteeism and want of trade—to both of which they are in the erroneous habit of attributing nearly all their real and imaginary grievances. For this array of selfishness and prejudice we were prepared: but then we did not expect to encounter the disapprobation of one, distinguished alike for his love of country and philosophic acquirements. We did think that Mr. Ensor had been too deeply read in political science to call in doubt the plainest axioms of economists. The truths we set forth are not the emanations of any wild theory—they are founded on common sense.

probable that the Catholics them- Mr. Ensor,\* however, has, in no selves would willingly forego their measured terms, condemned our doc-

\* We subjoin Mr. Ensor's letter, omitting a short paragraph, which is irrelevant to the question. It was addressed to the 'Irishman,' a journal which, in point of talent and liberality is inferior to the same and liberality is a same and liberality is a same and liberality is a same and lib

and liberality, is inferior to no paper in the empire.

'SIR,—I have just read a notice, for it does not profess to be a review, of Lady Morgan's "Absenteeism," in The Dublin and London Magazine of the present month. The purport of the article is to discredit the evils attributed to absenteeism. If absenteeism be not injurious to Ireland, cause and consequence have no kindred in their results. Absenteeism—that is, Irish property enjoyed by residents in England—began with

trine in toto. He had a right, when

agitated question. We are not advohe thought that we were wrong, to differ from us, and we are glad that he has done so; for it affords us an opportunity of returning to the subject, pose that we hold Macculloch's docand settling, we trust for ever, this trine on the subject, we beg to dis-

the conquest of Ireland; it increased by subsequent confiscations, and it multiplied excessively by the Union. Let us, however, take the ledger and rule, and consider

absenteeism as profit and loss.

The writer in the Magazine states (and the Scotch economist says as much), " when an Irish proprietor spends his income, it is of little consequence, provided it be in his majesty's dominions."—Here is the royal touch in economics. Never was uttered a falser proposition. It is false in respect to the whole empire. So far from the disposal of the principal proprietors of countries being indifferent, that the distribution and accumulation of wealth, and all purposes of common utility, are mainly served by the proper disposition of the people, and any force or influence which obliges people to resort unnecessarily to any particular place is injurious. Such is the policy of the government of France, which requires most matters, essentially local, to be transacted in Paris. Such is the policy of England, in respect to Irish legislation-against which evil the Americans have guarded, for they perform all matters, not imperial, in the several States. Thus, no legislator is remote from his home, except for a short time, and then only when affairs of universal interest are to be resolved, while the most perfect knowledge is always present when local matters are considered in the several States. So essential to the right enjoyment of property is the residence of those who possess it, that the position of houses is important to the well-conducting of business on common

'If the residence of proprietors be interesting to an empire, generally considered, with respect to the parts individually of that empire, that interest is multiplied infinitely; witness Warsaw, where the Diet of Poland formerly assembled; and Venice, the transactions of which town are now partly executed at Trieste. Dublin has suffered evils similar to both the capitals of Venice and Poland by the Union.

What is there in Dublin to excite one buoyant reflection? Even the loud voice of emancipation sinks into a treble about educating the people. The stranger prowls along its streets, and is told that, and that, and that large building, and a hundred more, were possessed and inhabited by this and that great proprietor. Then, thousands of houses are insolvent by the public returns; and the "suppression of mendicity" fills more columns of our journals than the speeches uttered by Flood, and Grattan, Nor are and Burgh, and Curran, in that place now abandoned to money-changers. the mansions of the great in the country, and their towns and villages, much less suffer-

ing than the capital.

The writer in The Magazine, and he is not singular, says, "The absentee, by spending his money in London, Bath, or any other town in Great Britain, contributes to the resources of England, and thereby enables her artisans to consume more Irish flour, butter, beef, bacon." And what becomes of the Irish artisans in the overshot process? Now, would it not be far better for Ireland if those absentees in London and Bath were residents in Dublin and Cork, and that they did contribute to the resources of Ireland, by employing Irish artisans, which artisans should consume Irish butter, bacon, &c. and thus afford a double market to the Irish people? According to this doctrine the Irish artisans are wholly disregarded; they are nothing in the writer's account, and how are the agriculturists indemnified? Thus: the Irish absentee proprietors, distributing the rents, issues, and profits, among the English artisans, increase their business, their numbers, and the general population of Britain, who employ a portion of the wages they receive from the Irish absentees to purchase Irish wheat, Irish butter, &c. This circuitous and imaginary process is the amount of the advocate's arguments for the indifference or the benefit of absenteeism in respect to the prosperity of Ireland, and it signifies, that by an involved gratuitous combination of circumstances, some portion of the rental of absentees finds its way back to Ireland, and is laid out in grain and meat raised by Irish graziers and farmers. And does this prove that it is immaterial to, perhaps, eight millions of people, whether the proprietors of their country are absentees or resident? Why, if every shilling paid to absentees was re-transferred to Ireland, a loss would be incurred to Ireland equal to the time and extent of the circumvolution of the transfer to England and the re-transfer to Ireland. This is a farce, mere hide and seek ; all things being the same, the near market and the short return are the best, and the longest is the least preferable. But confessedly, by absenteeclaim all participation in the broad principles promulgated by the Ricardo Lecturer. But while we regard the Scotch economists (or rather economist-for, after all, there appears to be but one) as the advocates of impious error-while we consider them as vain enough to suppose themselves, like SirGodfrey Kneller, as wiser than the Almighty—we are candid enough admit that Mr. Macculloch, amidst a mass of nonsense, has told one important truth-namely, that human wisdom can do nothing for Ireland but restore the people to their rights. All else must be left to the progress of time, and the influence of education and habit.

Before we proceed to answer Mr. Ensor, we beg the reader to refer to our sixth number, and, having read the article on 'Absenteeism,' we must further beg of him to peruse the one on the 'Trade and Manufactures of Ireland,' for in the former we expressly say, 'The arguments which show how immaterial it is in what part of the empire manufactures are established equally apply to absen-

teeism.' Had Mr. Ensor read these arguments we are persuaded he would not have disputed our positions; at all events he would not have said that Irish artisans went for nothing in our account. Such a conclusion he was not warranted in drawing; for we have proved that the residence of all the Irish absentees in Ireland could not create manufactures in that The reason is obvious. country. English manufacturers are now adequate to the supply, and are capable of fabricating much finer articles of dress and luxury than the Irish; consequently, if there were no absentees, the Manchester operatives would be employed in providing those articles for the Dublin market which are now sent to London; and the lord who now wears English cloth in St. James's Square, would, if residing in St. Stephen's Green, be clothed in English cloth too. This, in some measure, is the case at present, and was the case previous to the Union; though the payment of prohibitory duties on certain articles was then enforced. The Irish proprietor, by

ism, many branches of Irish industry are excluded from any benefit from the income of the proprietors of Ireland; and, in fact, the encouragement they give to farmers by grain, butter, bacon, &c. being sent to Britain, is fictitious.—As the Irish legislators are hostages to England's dominion, Irish absentees generally are factors of English industry. Our exports, to a considerable extent, are the lords' rent from the vassal territory; the Irish absentee proprietors act effectually towards England as the Decumani did in Sicily to-

wards ancient Rome, but we call that trade which they called tribute.

As to what is fondly said of the two or three absentees, landlords, in respect to their attention to their Irish estates, and thence a conclusion being drawn that absentee landlords are as beneficial to their tenantry as resident landlords-what can be more illogical? It might be equally concluded that the lawn-sleeves are strenuous advocates for Catholic emancipation, because the Bishop of Norwich votes and speaks on the side of liberality. It is principled in human nature, that what is man's own is more interesting than what belongs to another, and the laws of property are founded on this consideration. Turn from reasoning to tacts. The villages and estates of absentees are proclaimed by their appearance; they exhibit more distress and less subordination; peculiar circumstances, indeed, may occasionally neutralize the evil, but in general they present dereliction and misrule. It is absurd to say, that Irish produce transferred to Irish proprietors domiciliated in England, or absolutely expatriated, invigorates Irish industry; the greater portion of it might as well be burned on the fields that produced it in respect to Ireland; and considering the perpetual flow of this produce to absentees, and its amount-knowing also that capital is income reserved-it is obvious that Ireland holds her station by the recuperative energy of individuals, which often triumphs over the malice of the worst governments and the most disastrous events.

'In concluding let me observe, that my remarks have no reference to Lady Morgan's work, which circumstances have prevented me from seeing; nor am I at all disposed to slight The Dublin and London Magazine, which I consider a spirited publication; but to say that absentees, and a transfer of three millions sterling from Ireland, to be spent in England, is not injurious to Ireland, must be placed with the dogmas of opulence accruing from the national debt, of the benefit of tithes to tillage, and of the multiplied advantages of taxation to all the people.

Ardress, August Stst, 1825.

GEORGE ENSOR.

residing in Dublin, could not discourage English manufactures; for many of the articles which he now makes use of could be sent to Dublin at much less expense than to London. How does he discourage Irish manufactures by residing in London, Bath, or any other English town? Supposing all restrictive duties removed, the Dublin manufacturer can transmit goods to London much cheaper than the Lancashire manufacturer. The average expense on a yard of cloth might be half a farthing; and, instead of Irish absentees only, the Irish manufacturer can now have all the people of England for purchasers, if he can fabricate articles as good and as cheap as his neighbours. The residence or non-residence of proprietors cannot, therefore, possibly affect Irish manufactures.

Does the Manchester cotton-spinner do less work or reap less profit, because the Duke of Manchester resides in Jamaica? Certainly not. And wherever the English trader can find a market, the Irish trader can find one too. They are now both placed on the same system of equality, and society has all the advantage

of fair competition.

In this estimate we have not forgotten the Irish artisan. We have said that while England is obliged to draw the necessaries of life from Ireland, the price of labour must, in the latter country, continue such as to afford individuals great advantages in several species of manufactures, which must flourish, though in a subordinate degree, in that kingdom. Such artisans, however, as cannot find employment at home, are at perfect liberty to seek it in England. But compelling them,' says Mr. Ensor, ' to resort to particular places is injurious.' If it is to, the fault is not attributable to absenteeism. manufactures are now carried on by the co-operation of many hands; and, whether a cotton-mill stands in Manchester or Kilkenny, those who find employment in it must be collected from many places. National feeling on this question should have no weight. Indeed it is really entitled to none; for the history of combination among the operatives prove that a native of Cork, Limerick, or any Vol. I.-No. 8.

other provincial town in Ireland, encounters fewer objections and less prejudice in any English town, than in the metropolis of his native country—the city of Dublin. Irish artisans and Irish labourers have now no more difficulty in finding employment here than if they were natives of England. In Manchester and other manufacturing places, they are employed by thousands. The natives of Leinster know with what contempt a Munster or Connaught man is spoken of in Dublin.

regarded these kingdoms as inseparably united, and consequently considered it of no importance in what part of the empire the physical strength resided. Ireland, we admit, by being deprived of manufactures, suffers a diminution of inhabitants; but, as she is protected by England,

she does not require an exertion of

In treating this question we have

internal power; and the happiness of a country does not depend on an increase of numbers. You may have manufactures and misery at the same time. Mr. Ensor's complaint of increasing the English population amounts to nothing, unless Ireland shall be considered as independent: indeed, a great portion of his argument turns on such a supposition, and is, therefore, at present, inapplicable. Let him once establish a resident parliament and national inde-

laws to prohibit absenteeism and encourage native manufactures: until then, however, we must persist in our arguments; and, as there is no probability of such events taking place, it is useless to discuss their merits.

pendence, and then we will advocate

Ireland and England are now united; and, under existing circumstances, whatever proves advantageous to the

one must be beneficial to the other.

Mr. Ensor bewails the absence of some few noblemen from Dublin. We think they might as well reside there as in London: but did not Mr. Ensor see that in attaching so much importance to their presence in the Irish metropolis he was defeating his own arguments? The nobleman whose estate lies in Munster is, bond fide, as much an absentee by residing on Stephen's Green as in St. James's Square. What he says about the

shortest and the longest return of market will find few abettors on the Royal Exchange; and, even were it true, Liverpool and Bristol are as near as Dublin to Cork or Waterford. What Mr. Ensor calls a farce are the natural operations of commerce; and there is no circumvolution that would not take place, were Irish proprietors all residing in Dublin. We have known that city before and since the Union, and are prepared to say that it exhibited quite as much misery when Grattan and Flood shook a native senate as it has since moneychangers took up their abode in the temple of the legislature. It is an error to suppose that the presence of aristocratic wealth banishes distress. Dublin, and twenty miles round, is inhabited by nine-tenths of Ireland's resident gentry and men of wealth: yet it does now, and always did, exhibit within that circle more misery than all the rest of Ireland combined. The same thing happens in rural districts; for a resident proprietor of the county of Cork, in his examination before the Select Committee, reiterates the fact, that where there are no gentry the people are most contented and happy. Leave man to himself; God did not create him to depend upon either charity or the generosity of noblemen.

We do not exactly understand what Mr. Ensor means by a double market. If he thinks that England would receive Irish corn and provisions, though Irishmen refused to make use of her manufactures, he deceives himself. She now pays thirty or forty per cent. more than she could import these things from the Continent for; and, if Mr. Ensor doubts the encouragement which England gives to Irish agriculture, we refer him to his own rent-roll. Were grain only ten shillings a barrel in place of twenty, Mr. Ensor could expect only ten shillings an acre for land which now produces him twenty. We don't mean to say that such a state of things, provided they were permanent, would be injurious to his

tenantry: for it is an advantage, which agriculture alone possesses, that the price of land is always regulated by the price of agricultural produce. The landlord may reside where he pleases-even in Algiers-without injury to his tenant; for rent is that sum which remains, after the farmer has made his proper deductions for labour, interest of capital, &c. If the landlord by his presence enables the farmer to get high prices, he gets a high rent: if, by his absence, he contributes to low prices, he gets a low rent. In either case the farmer's profits are the same.\* Absence or residence is a question of prudence to be decided by the landlord. Irish proprietors are the last men who should declaim against England, for the connexion contributes considerably to their annual income.

Mr. Ensor has fallen into another error, by saying that we give a preference to absentee landlords. We do no such thing; we only say that resident landlords are some of the very worst; and a thing so notorious does not require proof. The estates of some absentees may be badly managed; and so is the property of many residents. We could never see any difference between them.

We did think that Mr. Ensor had in him more of the spirit of democracy than to become the advocate of a bloated aristocracy. That they are useless, Mr. Ensor's favourite America bears witness; and Switzerland has for centuries done very well without them. Were every proprietor-like Mr. Ensor himself-blending literature with humanity, and looking upon his fellow man, in whatever station, as a being equally favoured by nature, and equally entitled to civil rights—then we would hail their residence on their estates as a peculiar blessing. But this is notoriously not the case; and, therefore, we rejoice that Ireland's aristocracy may reside where they please in his majesty's dominions, without injury to their country.

Mr. Ensor's letter shows what er\_

This shows, contrary to Mr. Ensor's opinion, that there is a material difference between rent paid to absentees, and tribute paid to a tyrant. The one is fixed, the other is variable. The one is taken by force, the other is demanded as an equivalent for the use of lands.



LORD GRENVILLE,

Dainted by Hoppner B. A \_ Engraved by H. Meyer

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fall into when over-zealous for the good of an abused and injured country. We admire his patriotism, but are confident that in this instance his views are mistaken. We, too, love Ire-

land, and are quite sure that we could not evince that love better than by proving that her grievances are not as her enemies say—attributable in the slightest degree to absenteeism.

### MEMOIR OF LORD GRENVILLE.

WILLIAM WYNDHAM, Lord Grenville, is the second son of the celebrated George Grenville, brother of Earl Temple, and who, previous to the American war, was regarded as an able financier. One of his projects (the Stamp Act), however, led to eventful consequences, one of which was the American Revolution.

The subject of our memoir was born October the 25th, 1759; and, after receiving a liberal education, he entered parliament at a very early age. He joined the party headed by Mr. Pitt, and greatly distinguished himself by his speeches in support of measures recommended by the ministry. From the abilities he thus early displayed his party looked upon him as one qualified to fill the highest offices in the state. Accordingly, he was soon after appointed Speaker of the House of Commons; and, in 1791, he succeeded the Duke of Leeds as secretary of state for the foreign department.

At this critical period he evinced great political knowledge in his negotiation with the European powers; and, about the same time, he was elevated to the peerage by the title of

Lord Grenville.

In 1796 he retired, and remained out of office until his celebrated coalition with Mr. Fox, in 1800. The result of that measure is well known. The Whigs were soon discarded, and the Tories continued in the exclusive enjoyment of power until 1819, when the Grenville party were once more admitted to office.

Lord Grenville was long distinguished for his zeal and perseverance in advocating the claims of the Roman Catholics. When in office in 1800 he brought that measure forward, and, at two subsequent periods, supported it in his place in the House

of Lords. In 1810, however, he addressed a letter to Lord Fingal, declaratory of his opinion respecting securities then agitated, from which it appeard that he was an advocate for the veto. 'Such a measure,' said he, 'accompanied by suitable arrangements, maturely prepared and deliberately adopted, would, I am confident, above all others, give strength and unity to the empire, and increased security to its religious and civil esta-blishments. To those establishments I am unalterably attached; their inviolable maintenance I have ever considered as essential to all the dearest interests of my country: but they rest, I am certain, on foundations much too firm, they are far too deeply rooted in the affections of that community to which they dispense the blessings of religion, order, and liberty, to require the adventitious and dangerous support of partial restrictions, fruitful in discontent, but for security wholly inefficient.'

In consequence of these sentiments the Catholic petition was withdrawn from his lordship, and confided to the care of the late Earl of Donoughmore. Lord Grenville and his party, however, are entitled to Catholic gratitude, for they have always been zealous advocates for emancipation; and, latterly, they have supported that measure independent of restrictions. Mr. Plunkett owes his late elevation to the Grenvilles.

Lord Grenville now resides exclusively at his country seat, and has not for some years taken his place in the House of Lords.

The portrait which accompanies the present number exhibits his lordship in his robes as Chancellor of Oxford University. It is drawn by Hoppner, and engraved by the first of British artists, Mr. Heath.

WOMAN.

On! Woman, all must own thy magic power!

The sternest sages at thy altar kneel;

And, from the natal to the final hour,

Before thy beauty bend, and deeply feel

The essence from on high. Though skies may lower,
And earth and heaven conspire against his weal—
Yet not all these can sever or unbind
The tie of soul that links him to thy kind.

The tie of soul that links him to thy kind. Yes! thou art half ethereal! Man ne'er knew,

Even in his hours of deepest piety, The visions from above that skirt thy view, And give thee foretaste of the Deity:

Thy mind can pierce creation's wonders through, And penetrate the depths of mystery; Borne on the seraph's wing through fields of air, Where all is bright, and, as thyself, is fair.

And then thy strong fidelity—as the rock
'Gainst which the waves eternally have beat—
Thro' chance, thro' change, can bear the deadliest shock
That drives the mind of mankind from its seat;

At every turn of fortune thou dost mock, Or sunk with woe, or raised with joy elate; Alike unchanged by happiness or grief, Man ever from thy soothing finds relief.

And Woman's love—the most devoted known,
A ray of feeling borrowed from on high,
Which warms alike the cottage or the throne,
And wakes our senses into ecstacy,
Until all else seems worthless, and we own
Only one object of idolatry,
Whose burning blushes give more radiance far

Than golden coronal or gemmed tiar.

Love! heauty! passion! each enchanting them

Love! beauty! passion! each enchanting theme,
Alike are centred in thy glowing heart;
Man gathers from thy impulse all the flame
Which thrills, like lightning, through his inmost part;
For, when he sees thy beauty, all his frame
Feels love's delightful, sadly-pleasing, smart;

Feels love's delightful, sadly-pleasing, smart;
Till life, and soul, and feeling, all are one,
And he must own thy power, as I have done.
Yes! I have felt thy witchery, and bowed

With fond idolatry before thy shrine;
And therefore may I sing thy praise aloud—
My best reward will be a smile of thine.
Oh! loveliest of creation! from the crowd
Of sinless scraphs sent down most benign;
Purest and fairest in the realms above,
And here—the object of our fondest love!

But I must pause—alas! how vain th' endeavour
To sing thy praises with an earthly tengue;
The current of thy life is like a river
Which pours its waves unceasingly along

With gurgling sound—decreasing, less'ning never; Or like the echoes of an angel's song, Who, ever tuneful, swells the Almighty's praise, And almost feels the influence of his rays.

Fermoy.

#### LAYS OF THE MINNESINGERS.

THERE is, we believe, no nation less acquainted than ourselves with the early literature of other countries. Till within these few years past, the great story of the revival of learning had been very imperfectly told; and, although considerable attention has been recently paid to the rise and progress of learning and refinement in Italy, we still remain very ignorant of those events as they occurred in the other countries of Europe. How scanty is our knowledge with regard to the early literature of Spain -a rich and copious subject! and how superficially are we acquainted even with that of France; while Germany absolutely remains an almost untrodden territory! For any intelligence which we may possess on these subjects, we are for the most part indebted to the French writers. amongst whom M. de Sismondi is certainly the most agreeable guide, so far as relates to the literature of the south of Europe. The nations, whose intellectual treasures we seem thus to have despised, have by no means displayed a similar indifference to the literature of England. The dramatic criticisms of William Schlegel prove how assiduously and successfully our great poets have been studied in Germany; while Dr. Pichot has just shown that the riches of our literature are duly appreciated in France. We would gladly infer, from the appearance of the beautiful volume before us, that a more active spirit of inquiry into subjects of foreign literature is diffusing itself; and we hope that a portion of this zeal may be employed upon the early writers of Germany, who are at present such complete strangers to

To the 'Specimens of the Minnesingers' a very valuable critical introduction is prefixed, in which thewriter has traced the origin and rise of lyric poetry in France, Italy, Spain, and Germany. In comparing the merits of the German minstrels with those

of their rivals, the Troubadours and Trouveurs, he awards the palm to the former; and, indeed, if we may form an impartial opinion from the selections contained in the volume before us, we should be inclined to coincide in that judgment. There is certainly much more nature and simplicity in the verses of the 'Minnesingers' than are to be found in the lays of the southern poets, which are frequently so overlaid with conceits, and trammelled with nice distinctions of metre, that the reader is wearied and disgusted with such laborious frivolities.

We would gladly have devoted a little more space to this highly agreeable volume, but we must conclude our remarks while we have yet room for the following beautiful and characteristic lines, by Dietmar, of Ast, a Minnesinger of the thirteenth cen-

tury:

By the heath stood a lady All lonely and fair : As she watched for her lover, A falcon flew near. " Happy falcon," she cried, "Who can fly where he list, And can choose in the forest The tree he loves best! Thus too had I chosen One knight for my own : Him my eye had selected, Him prized I alone. But other fair ladies Have envied my joy; And why? for I sought not Their bliss to destroy. As to thee, lovely summer! Returns the bird's strain-As on yonder green linden The leaves spring again-So constant doth grief

Yet come, my own hero! All others desert! When first my eye saw thee How graceful thou wert! How fair was thy presence, How graceful, how bright! Then think of me only, My own chosen knight!"

At my eyes overflow;

And wilt thou not, dearest,

Return to me now?

Lays of the Minnesingers, or German Troubadours of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries: illustrated by Specimens of the Cotemporary Lyric Poetry of Provence and other Parts of Europe. With Historical and Critical Notices and Engravings from the M. S. of the Minnesingers in the King's Library at Paris, and from other Sources. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1825.

## WOLFE'S REMAINS."

THAT merit alone is insufficient to obtain literary justice even from the intellectual portion of society, we have ample proof in the fate of the Rev. Charles Wolfe. The grave had closed over the mortal remains of this amiable young man, and no kindred spirit was found to claim for him a single sprig of 'Daphne's deathless plant.' Indeed, from the silence with which he was consigned to the tomb, we are led to suspect that his 'college acquaintances,' and ' circle of private friends,' deemed none of his productions deserving of preservation: for, with the exception of one piece, they are not to be found in any cotemporary publication. There was as little said about 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' as about the premature death of its author, until it was made known that this exquisite ode was a favourite with Lord Byron. The doubts which subsequently existed respecting its author served to excite additional interest; and it was not until the ode became fashionable that Mr. Wolfe's friends came forward to assert his claim to that poetical production. The work before us appears to have been an after-thought.

Charles Wolfe was born at Blackhall, county of Kildare, in the year 1791. His family were respectable, and claimed kindred with the hero of Quebec and Lord Kilwarden. At an early age he lost his father; and, his mother removing to England, he received the rudiments of his education at Winchester and other schools. 1809 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he gave early indication of a poetic talent; and, for want of better prospects, he was obliged to devote himself to the service of a church-the richest in Europe-but remarkable for its indifference to deserving merit. Mr. Wolfe was or-dained in 1817, and soon after obtained a curacy in the north of Ireland, where he continued until 1821, at which time his health began to fail him. He made a journey to Scotland and England, and a voyage to Bor-

deaux, but without effect—for he died at the Cove of Cork on the 21st of February, 1823, aged thirty-two years.

These brief particulars are taken from the diffuse memoir before us; and, whatever the public may think of the neglect Mr. Wolfe encountered, we are quite sure there can be but one opinion respecting his misfortune, in having for a biographer a man of superlative dulness. Mr. Russell appears to have neither taste, talents, nor modesty. The absence of the two first are evinced in the volumes before us, and the last is conspicuous in his undertaking such a task-knowing, if intense stupidity did not prevent him from knowing, that he had not a single qualification necessary for the proper discharge of such a duty. We do not mean to criticise the trifles attributed to Mr. Wolfe. He has left behind him one proof, at least, of a poetical genius; and perhaps it had been as well to have left his fame dependent on this alone. His poetical pieces are extremely few; and of these few, some of them bear evident marks of having never been intended for the public eye. A judicious friend would have made a selection, but Mr. Russell knew not how to discriminate. He rummaged papers, and importuned friends; and has been so minute as to give us even the fragments found in his friend's study. A small, a very small volume, would have contained all that was necessary to publish: but this would not answer Mr. Russell's views. He wanted to see himself in print, and accordingly we have one volume filled with sermons, which look very like the Lord Lieutenant's chaplain's own (for they do not seem to be the productions of Mr. Wolfe); and another, compounded of a stupidly written memoir, pieces of poetry, and private letters. These latter might have been withheld: and we question if even the curate of St. Werburgh could tell us the utility of inserting the following :-

<sup>\*</sup> Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B. Curate of Donoughmore, Diocess of Armagh, with a brief Memoir of his Life. By the Rev. John A. Russell, M.A. Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Curate of St. Werburgh's, Dublin. A. and W. Watson, Dublin. 1825.

My dear Welcome once more! I feel as if we had a second parting when we last exchanged letters, and now that we once more renew a correspondence, it looks like a meeting after a long separation. But, you may be assured, that neither you nor yours were forgotten by me at those times when I knew you would most wish to be remembered-those seasons at which I trust I am remembered by you all. I will not trouble you with all the tedious reasons of my silence: the silence itself was tedious enough. Suffice it to say, that a man may be very idle, and have no leisure; especially, no leisure of mind,—and that a man's time may be in a great measure unoccupied, and yet not his own. I will not tell you of the length of time it takes to wind me up and set me a-going for the day, but I find that the toilette of an invalid is as long and as troublesome as that of a duchess,—and perhaps, the whole day often spent with little more profit. It will be sufficient to tell you that I can scarcely make out an hour and a half a day for actual study.

Yours, &c. ' C. W. We now turn from the editor to the specimens of Mr. Wolfe's poetry. The following songs are pretty:-

SPANISH SONG. ' Air - Viva El Rey Fernando. ' The chains of Spain are breaking-Let Gaul despair, and fly Her wrathful trumpet's speaking, Let tyrants hear and die.

' Her standard o'er us arching Is burning red and far The soul of Spain is marching In thunders to the war. Look round your lovely Spain, And say shall Gaul remain?-

Behold yon burning valley, Behold you naked plain-Let us hear their drum-Let them come, let them come! For Vengeance and Freedom rally, And, Spaniards! onward for Spain!

Remember, remember Barossa, Remember Napoleon's chain,-Remember your own Sarragossa, And strike for the cause of Spain-Remember vour own Sarragossa, And onward, onward! for Spain!' SONG.

Oh say not that my heart is cold To aught that once could warm it; That Nature's form so dear of old No more has power to charm it; Or, that the ungenerous world can chill One glow of fond emotion For those who made it dearer still, And shar'd my wild devotion.

Exeter, February 18th, 1822. Still oft those solemn scenes I view In rapt and dreamy sadness; Oft look on those who lov'd them too With Fancy's idle gladness; Again I long'd to view the light In Nature's features glowing; Again to tread the mountain's height, And taste the Soul's o'erflowing.

'Stern Duty rose, and frowning flung His leaden chain around me; With iron look and sullen tongue He mutter'd as he bound me-The mountain-breeze, the boundless Heaven

Unfit for toil the creature; These for the free alone are given,-But, what have Slaves with Nature?"

We cannot conclude better than with the ode, to which allusion has been so often made.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

'Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corse to the rampart we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.

'We buried him darkly at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning; By the struggling moon-beam's misty light, And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast, Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ; But he lay like a Warrior taking his rest-With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said. And we spoke not a word of sorrow; But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead, And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

'We thought, as we hollowed his narrow

And smoothed down his lonely pillow, That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,

And we far away on the billow!

' Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done, When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;

And we heard the distant and random gun That the foe was sullenly firing.

'Slowly and sadly we laid him down, From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;

We carved not a line, and we raised not a But we left him alone with his glory!'

# THE TRIAL OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.\*

We have seldom spent an hour more agreeably than in perusing the jeu d'esprit before us; and those who are fatigued with severer studies may find their minds much relaxed by following our example. The grave and gay may take it up with great advantage; and the friends and enemies of Mr. O'Connell will have no cause to quarrel with the pamphleteer, for he has cooked up abundance of food adapted to their

respective palates.

The Trial of Daniel O'Connell sounds fearfully! Has Mr. Attorney General filed an ex officio? No, gentle reader, the 'man of the people' was not indicted before an Orange jury; he was only arraigned in the High Court of Reason; and, we are glad to say, he was honourably acquitted. Many will doubt the existence of such a court in Ireland; and we had our suspicions until we found, by the introductory paragraph, that it was only opened, for the first time during the last seven hundred years, for the trial in question.

In this age of the freedom of the press, it is useless to quarrel with those who make free with the characters of public men and public writers. Many are introduced into this serio-comic judicial inquiry, who, no doubt, would rather have had their names omitted. Ourselves are among the number; and we dare say Mr. Cobbett would have given half a dozen 'Registers' to have been saved the exposé to which he is subjected. We have laughed at his cross-examination until recalled, by the truths which are there elicited, to his real character. Never has man been made to declare more openly his own baseness, hypocrisy, and inconsistency. We refer the reader-especially the Irish reader-to it; and we think no sensible and virtuous man, after perusing it, will place any confidence in Cobbett.

The speeches of Mr. North and Mr. Sheil are really eloquent. The following extract from the defence, by the latter, is not more energetic than just.

Gentlemen, this charge of bartering with the enemy rests solely on the authority of Mr. Cobbett. Respecting this

individual I shall say but little : you witnessed the contemptible exhibition he made this day before you, and I do not wish to lessen its effects by an unavoidable attempt to retouch the scene. Gentlemen. Mr. Cobbett is a man of transcendent talent, but the history of literary prodigies does not furnish an instance of such a perversion of the gifts of Heaven as his life supplies. An intellectual elephant in the calm hour of repose, he is of incalculable use to those whom he serves; but in the day of battle, in the day of danger, he is formidable alike to friends and foes, and, when goaded, he knows no distinction of persons or parties. Gentlemen, some months since he undertook to advocate our cause, and, as we are unaccustomed to such acts of gratuitous friendship, we hailed him with unequivocal regard. We were indiscreet, I admit, in doing so; and, since he has himself developed his character, we fling the insiduous reptile to the ground, and trample upon him the more willingly, since he insinuated himself into our friendship only to ruin us, by flinging among Irishmen the firebrand of discord.

Gentlemen, the character of my nobleminded and unsuspecting client is in your Your are the representatives of the Catholics of Ireland, and are selected from that class of the people which is free alike from the prejudices of aristocracy and the ignorance of the populace. are deeply interested in the welfare of your country, and can appreciate the services of Mr. O'Connell. I calculate on a favourable verdict. The people of Ireland have every where hailed Mr. O'Connell as their friend and champion, and, by their simultaneous resolutions of confidence, have flung back the false imputations into the teeth of those who made them. If virtuous purposes and noble sacrifices are to be treated thus-if the patriot is to be arraigned for every supposed error that he may commit-who, I ask you, will be poetical enough to stand forward as the advocate of the oppressed? who will plead the cause of those who are unable to speak for themselves?

Gentlemen, I know you will do your duty, and redeem the character of your country. Ingratitude was never considered an Irish vice; and believe me, if Mr. O'Connell is not honourably acquitted, our claim to consistency and virtue is lost for ever. The eyes of the nation are now on you, and the public only wait for your verdict of acquittal, to hasten, like the Romans, to the temple of the gods, to return thanks for the glory which the name and services of O'Connell reflect upon their country.'

. The Trial of Daniel O'Connell, Esq. Robins, 1825.



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